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TERRIBLE TRACTORATION,

AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY CHRISTOPHER CAUSTIC, M. D.

Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Aberdeen, and Honorary Member of no less than Nineteen very learned Societies.

Thos. G. Fessenden

FOURTH AMERICAN EDITION.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

CAUSTIC'S WOODEN BOOKSELLERS

AND

MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

BOSTON:

SAMUEL COLMAN.

1837.

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INTRODUCTION

TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

The following was written for the last edition of Tractoration, but omitted with the hope that reformation might supersede the necessity of castigation.

A Sublimated Proem
To Dr Caustic's Poem.

WOODEN BOOKSELLERS, MISERIES OF AUTHORSHIP.

I, Doctor Caustic, hew'd a brood
Of Booksellers from Peperidge wood,*
So tough that heav'n's own thunder hit it,
But met its match, and could not split it.

Said wood, the "essence of nodosity,"
To use the phrase of old Pomposity,
Was just the thing for our display
Of "locomote automata."

**Peperidge wood* is a species of *Platanus*, sometimes called Gum-tree, so very *unwedgable* that it cannot be riven by thunder.—See *Michaux*, vol. iii. p. 36.

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Chaps, made of chips, and rougher, Sirs,
Than cross-cut saws, or chesnut burrs,
And ninetynine times more close fisted
Than misers doubled and hard twisted.

We made an acid gas inflation
Their principle of animation,
Their souls without responsibility
Shaved from the tip end of nihility.

Then taught them every art, by dint
Of which a Jew may skin a flint;
Harden'd their hearts, like mason's trowels,
But could n't afford them brains nor bowels.

Thus, notwithstanding their stolidity,
By dint of cunning and cupidity,
They soon became, though paltry things,
As proud as peers, as rich as kings.

More than nine tenths of all that 's made
By hard work at our author's trade,
Stretches the pockets of said sinners,
While we may whistle for our dinners.

Reader, art thou possess'd by pride,
Which may, unless 't is nullified,

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Cause thee, in running life's career,
To cut up capers, bolt or sheer,

Go, and by way of doing penance,
Severe as can afflict earth's tenants
Incur that greatest punishment
Job's ingenuity could invent: —

Drive, drive the quill by midnight taper,
Till thou art pale as fool's cap paper,
And *make a book*, with every quality,
Which should ensure it immortality.

Work like a beaver night and day,
Until without a trope you may
Be styled "a meagre, muse rid" wight,
Thin as the shadow of a sprite.

Let every line be stamp'd by care,
Each sentence an assemblage rare
Of words well chosen, well design'd
To amuse and benefit mankind.

Let life in mental toil be wasted,
Youth's pastimes pass away untasted
Lest relaxation thwart the aim
Of honest literary fame,

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When your brain-racking work is done,
Consult some book-controlling Hun,
A pretty chicken of our brood,
His hard heart granite, head hard wood.

Lord, what an imp to drive a bargain!
For nothing less than nine tenths clear gain,
Will tempt his loftiness to look
Beyond the title of your book.

We not long since met one of these
As cross as old Diogenes,
Who, spluttering like eolopile,*
Abused us in the following style.

"So you 're an *authorer* by trade,
And rather *bad off*, I 'm afraid,
Your business is n't half so good
As blacking boots, or sawing wood.

"A clawless cat in a certain place,
Fares better than the sorry race,
Who hope by dint of hooks and crooks
To make their bread by making books.

* Eolopile, a hollow ball of metal, which when filled with water and exposed to fire, makes an artificial tempest, resembling the frothy ebullitions of a fool in a fit of passion.

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"In fact, if every scribbling noddy,
From New Orleans to Passamaquoddy
Was caught and set to hammering stone,
I should be *tarnal* glad for one.

"I *totes my lichrachure* from London,
And were you *Yankee scribblers* undone,
We 'd *work it* well enough without you
Of course don't care a *snap* about you.

"Good English copy rights cost nought,
Therefore your trash will not be bought,
So *Doctor Crosstyke*, please to skip,
And don't tread on your under lip."

Nothing in this world is so harassing
As dealing with a purse-proud Saracen,
Haughty as Lucifer, though, the noddy
Has n't soul enough to bl-st his body.

Reader, you look a little blue,
As if our random shot struck you,
Flutter then, Honey, if you are hit,
And if our coat fits, please to wear it.

Return we now to our contriving
To gain a living by quill-driving,

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Or authorship, a calling which is
Harder by half than digging ditches.

Vex'd with the aforesaid pimp of pelf,
You undertake to print yourself,
Your name enrol among the debtors
Of paper-makers and type-setters.

Your work is finished, all complete
In cambric bound, and mighty neat,
With hope elate away you hop
To Grip and Co.'s bookseller's shop.

Their magnanimities' petition
To sell your volume on commission,
As low as they can condescend,
And thus oblige an ancient friend.

Twenty per cent, you represent,
Should make *acquisitiveness* consent
To let a book be on their range,
And, when 't is call'd for, make the change.

But Messrs Grip, Bluff, Bite and Borem,
Bookshavers of the B****n quorum,

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For such small services are bent
On more than THIRTYTHREE PER CENT !*

Your books wont show nor advertise,
(They may be quite as sharp as wise)
For less than four-fifths of th' avails
Of all the profits of the sales.

You coax the head clerk, Snapper Snooks,
To give you leave to leave your books,
But his cross master, Bildad Bite,
Orders the poor things out of sight :—

Sends the lov'd offspring of your brains,
Which cost you more than mother's pains,

*On more than thirtythree per cent.

Booksellers' charge for commission is, generally, at least *thirtythree and a third per cent* on the sum for which they *sell* books, and *fifty per cent* on what such books *cost them*. Thus they allow but sixtysix and two thirds for a book which they sell for a dollar, gaining fifty per cent on the *purchasing price*, and thirtythree and a third per cent on the *selling price*. Here is a *kink* which brother Jonathan is not always up to. Sometimes our paragons of liberality charge *forty-two per cent* commission on the retail price for selling books *manufactured to their hand*, without risk or advance on the part of the book merchant! What would be said of A if he should charge as much commission for selling *boots* as B charges for selling *books?*

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To some obscure by-place, assign'd them
Where none but those who hide can find them.

In short, your books as well might be
Sunk twenty leagues deep in the sea
As stowed away by such shrewd elves
In cob-webb'd corners of book shelves.

In vain you threaten Bite and Snooks
To hide the rogues who hide your books;
They exercise still none the less
Their *organs of secretiveness.*

Well, though such paltry arts inure
To smothering native literature,
We patronize them, for in fact,
The more men *know* the worse they *act.*

There is a maxim, such as this,
To wit, that ignorance is bliss,
And our booksellers mean, no doubt,
To bring that kind of bliss about.

Felicity is but the employment
Of man's five senses in enjoyment;
An epicurean reality,
Well realized by B****n quality.

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Thus when Celeste your favor begs,
Kicks up her heels and shows her legs,
Each caper nets her more, I 'll venture ye,
Than authors gain in half a century.

Ah favor'd country, happy age,
By such tremendous patronage,
Illumin'd like a house on fire, you
Need n't wonder foreigners admire you.

Before another lustre passes
Authors may learn to live on grasses,
And books well written, printed, bound,
Spring up like mushrooms from the ground.

But, sprites of Mammon, imps who would
Extinguish sunshine if you could,
If Sol would not consent to pay
Tribute to you on every ray,

The Solar chariot capsize,
And blot out daylight from the skies;
Then ye 'll succeed to admiration
In stifling CAUSTIC'S TRACTORATION.

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PREFACE.

In submitting the present edition of the following poem, entitled *Terrible Tractoration*, to the American public, the author complies not only with solicitations of personal friends, but with expressed wishes of many gentlemen to whom he is personally a stranger. They say that by stripping folly of some of its disguises, and plucking the mask of deception from that impudent charlatanry, which encumbers the "march of improvement," this burlesque production may be of service to mankind.

The origin of the poem entitled Tractoration, is as follows: In the year 1801 the author, (who is a native of Walpole, New Hampshire,) was in London, on business as an agent for a Company in Vermont. In that Metropolis he became acquainted with Mr Benjamin Douglas Perkins, proprietor of a patent right for making and using certain implements, called Metallic Tractors. These were said to cure diseases in all or nearly all cases of topical inflammation, by conducting from the diseased part the surplus of electric fluid which in such cases, causes or accompanies the morbid affection. At the request of that gentleman, the author undertook to make the Tractors the theme of a satirical effusion in Hudibrastic verse. This was originally intended for the corner of a newspaper, but subsequently in the first edition enlarged to a pamphlet of about fifty pages royal octavo. It was published in the summer of 1803, well received, and a second edition called for in less than two months. A new and enlarged edition was

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put to press, and met with a favorable reception both from the public and the reviewers. From the success which attended Tractoration, the author was induced to publish in London a small volume of *Original Poems*, which was well received and favorably reviewed.

The author never would have written a syllable intended to give Metallic Tractors favorable notoriety, had he not believed in their efficacy. As conductors of what is called animal electricity, and in principle allied to Galvanic stimulants, even their *modus operandi*, he thought, might be in a great measure explained. Respectable English Reviews and other periodicals gave favorable notices of the Tractors, and Mr Perkins exhibited to the author testimonials in favor of those implements from several professors of universities, many regular physicians, surgeons, clergymen, and others, men of as high standing and influence as any in community.

But although the author was willing to aid the proprietor of the tractors, he did not confine himself to topics connected with those implements. He made use of Tractoration as the title, and the tractors as the apology for a poem, in which he essayed to paint

> ——— "every idle thing
> Which Fancy finds in her excursive flight."

Although many of the subjects alluded to, or animadverted on were intended to be satirized, others were introduced merely to give them notoriety, or honorable mention in a humorous way; to *laugh with* rather than to *laugh at* the inventors, and rather to *advertise* than to *stigmatise* their inventions, &c. Persons of this description will perceive our objects, appreciate our motives, and recollect that Dr Caustic, by virtue of a figure in rhetoric, called *irony*, can speak one thing and mean another, without uttering falsehood

The author conceives that he was fortunate as regards the plan of *Tractoration*. *Dr Caustic*, who may be styled the *hero* of the poem, is represented as a visionary, eccentric, would-be philosopher, endeavoring to effect "grand discoveries and inventions" of most "immense

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utility," but had received so little encouragement that he was impelled by necessity to petition the Royal College of Physicians in London, for relief from penury, and assistance in his projects. In pursuance of this plan, every thing novel, singular, relating to any human pursuit, it was competent for Dr Caustic to make the object of discussion or animadversion.

The miscellaneous poems, which, in this little volume succeed *Tractoration*, are, in part, selected from a volume first published in London, and partly from poems written in this country since the author's return from Europe. He hopes not to be condemned for unpardonable egotism, if he quotes a passage or two from English and American reviews relative to his poetical productions. If a traveller produces passports, or a candidate for office exhibits recommendations, we do not condemn him for pride, nor chastise him for presumption.

The Gentleman's Magazine, published in London, Jan. 1804, contains a long notice of *Tractoration*, from which the following passages are extracted:

"In the first Canto the author, in an inimitable strain of irony, ridicules those pretended discoveries and inventions of certain pseudo-philosophers both of the natural and moral class, which have no tendency to meliorate the condition of man." After many extracts from the work, and encomiums on each of the four cantos, the reviewers conclude, "Whatever may be the merits of the Metallic Tractors, or the demerits of their opponents, we have no hesitation to pronounce this performance to be far superior to the ephemeral productions of ordinary dealers in rhyme. The notes, which constitute more than half the book, are not behind the verse in spirit. Who the author can be we have not the least conception; but from the intimate acquaintance he discovers with the different branches of medical science, we should imagine him to be some jolly son of Galen, who, not choosing to bestow all his arts upon his PATIENTS, has humanely applied a few ESCHAROTICS for the benefit of his brethren."

The following is extracted from a review written by the Hon. Daniel Webster, while a student at law in Boston.

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"In commending CHRISTOPHER CAUSTIC, we are only subscribing to the opinions expressed by the people of another country. To be behind that country in our appreciation of his merits, were a stigma; it is very pardonable to go beyond it. National vanity may be a folly, but national ingratitude is a crime. Terrible Tractoration was successful on its first appearance in England, and as yet seems to have lost none of its popularity. It belongs to that class of productions which have the good fortune to escape what Johnson angrily, but too justly, denominates the general conspiracy of human nature against cotemporary merit."

Monthly Anthology for April, 1805.

The eminence of Mr Webster, whose acquisitions as a scholar are scarcely exceeded by his qualifications as a statesman, is our apology for exhibiting the above testimony of his approbation.

We might add to the above, other extracts from about twenty English and American Reviewers, in which the poems contained in this little volume have been taken notice of with much commendation; but we hope the work may meet a favorable reception without such extraneous assistance.

In the present edition of Tractoration several new subjects are introduced and thrown into the crucible of Dr Caustic. Among these are Phrenology, Abolition, Amalgamation, Temperance, Reformation, &c. &c. These parts were written expressly for this edition of Tractoration, were intended to "shoot folly as it flies," and adapt the strictures of satire to the topics of the times.

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN.

BOSTON, MARCH 25, 1836.

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CANTO I.

OURSELF!

ARGUMENT.

GREAT Doctor Caustic is a sage
Whose merit *gilds* this *iron* age,
And who deserves, as you'll discover
When you have conn'd this canto over,
For grand discoveries and inventions;
A dozen peerages and pensions;
But, having met with rubs and breakers,
From Perkins' metal mischief makers;
With but three halfpence in his pocket,
In verses blazing like sky rocket,
He first sets forth in this petition
His *high* deserts but *low* condition.

FROM garret high, with cobwebs hung,
The poorest wight that ever sung,
Most gentle Sirs, I come before ye,
To tell a lamentable story.

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What makes my sorry case the sadder,
I once stood high on Fortune's ladder;*
From whence contrive the fickle jilt did,
That your petitioner should be tilted.

And soon th' unconscionable flirt,
Will tread me fairly in the dirt,
Unless, perchance, these pithy lays
Procure me *pence* as well as *praise*.

Already doom'd to hard quill-driving,
'Gainst spectred poverty still striving,
When e'er I doze, from vigils pale,
Dame Fancy locks me fast in jail.

Necessity, though I am no wit,
Compels me now to turn a poet;
Not *born*, but *made*, by transmutation,
And chymick process, call'd.— *starvation!*

* I once stood high on Fortune's ladder.

Although Dame FORTUNA was, by ancient mythologists, represented as a whimsical being, cutting her capers on the periphery of a large wheel, I am justified in accommodating her goddesship with a ladder, by virtue of a figure in rhetoric called POETICA LICENTIA (*anglice*) poets' licentiousness.

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Though poet's trade, of all that I know,
Requires the least of ready rhino,
I find a deficit of cash is
An obstacle to cutting dashes.

For gods and godesses, who traffic
In cantos, odes, and lays seraphic,
Who erst Arcadian whistle blew sharp,
Or now attune Apollo's jews-harp,

Have sworn they will not loan me, gratis,
Their jingling sing-song apparatus,
Nor teach me how, nor where to chime in
My *tintinabulum* of rhyming.*

What then occurs? A lucky hit —
I've found a substitute for wit;
On Homer's pinions mounting high,
I'll drink Pierian puddle dry.†

* My *tintinabulum* of rhyming.

"The clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme."—COWPER.

† I'll drink Pierian puddle dry.

Pursuant to Mr Pope's advice;
"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

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Beddoes (bless the good doctor) has
Sent me a bag full of his gas,*

* Sent me a bag full of his gas.

This wondrous soul-transporting modification of matter is christened by chymists *gaseous oxyd of nitrogen*, and, as will be evident, from the following sublime stanzas, and my judicious comments thereon (in which I hold the *microscope* of criticism to those my peculiar beauties which are not visible to the *naked eye* of common sense) is a subject worthy the serious attention of the poet and physiologist.

Any "half-formed witling," as Pope says (*Essay on Criticism*) "may hammer crude conceptions into a sort of measured nonsense, vulgarly called prose bewitched." But the daring mortal, who aspires to "build with lofty rhyme" an *Ævi Monumentum*, before he sets about the mighty enterprise, must be filled with a sort of incomprehensible *quiddam* of divine inflation. Then, if he can keep clear of Bedlam, and be allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper, every line he scribbles, and every phrase he utters, will be a miracle of sublimity. Thus one Miss Sibyl remained stupid as a barber's block, till overpowered by the overbearing influence of Phœbus. But when,

——————————ea frœna furenti
Concutit, et stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo,

the frantic gipsy muttered responses at once sublime, prophetic, and unintelligible.

Indeed, this *furor mentis*, so necessary an ingredient in the composition of the genuine poet, sometimes terminates in real madness, as was unfortunately the case with Collins and Smart: Swift, Johnson, and Cowper, were not without dismal apprehensions of a similar fate. The wight, therefore, who wishes to secure to himself a sublunary immor-

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Which snuffed the nose up, makes wit brighter,
And eke a dunce an airy writer.

With this a brother bard, inflated,
Was so stupendously elated,
He tower'd, like Garnerin's balloon,
Nor stopp'd, like half wits, at the moon:

But scarce had breath'd three times before he
Was hous'd in heaven's high upper story,*
Where mortals none but poets enter,
Above where Mah'met's ass dar'd venture.

Strange things he saw, and those who know him
Have said that, in his Epic Poem,†

tality by dint of poetizing, and happens not to be *poeta nascitur*, must, like Doctor Caustic, in the present instance, seek a sort of cow-pock-like substitute for that legitimate *rabies*, which characterizes the true sons of Apollo.

* Was hous'd in heaven's high upper story.

Brother Southey then made the important discovery that "the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens was composed of this gas." *Beddoe's Notice.*

† Have said that, in his Epic Poem.

The same poem to which the gentleman alludes in his huge quarto edition of *Joan of Arc*, in the words following

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To be complete within a year hence,
They'll make a terrible appearance.

And now, to set my verses going,
Like "*Joan of Arc*," sublimely flowing,
I'll follow Southey's bold exemple,
And snuff a sconce full, for a sample.

Good Sir, enough! enough already!
No more, for Heaven's sake! — steady! — steady!
Confound your stuff! — why how you sweat me!
I'd rather swallow all mount Etna!

How swiftly turns this giddy world round,
Like tortur'd top, by truant twirl'd round;
While Nature's capers wild amaze me,
The beldam's crack'd or Caustic crazy!*

— "Liberal criticism I shall attend to, and I hope to profit by, in the execution of my MADOC, an epic poem on the discovery of America, by that prince, on which I am now engaged."

As *liberal* criticism appears to be a great desideratum with this sublime poet, I trust he will gratefully acknowledge the specimens of my liberality towards a worthy brother, which I propose hereafter to exhibit.

* The beldam's crack'd or Caustic crazy.

Or, it is possible, may it please your worships, that I —

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I'm larger grown from head to tail
Than mammoth, elephant, or whale! —
Now feel a "tangible extension"
Of semi-infinite dimension! —

Inflated with supreme intensity,
I fill three quarters of immensity!
Should Phœbus come this way, no doubt,
But I could blow his candle out!

This earth's a little dirty planet,
And I'll no longer help to man it,
But off will flutter, in a tangent,
And make a harum scarum range on't!

Stand ye appall'd! quake! quiver! quail!
For lo I stride a comet's tail!
If my deserts you fail t' acknowledge,
I'll drive it plump against your college!

But if your Esculapian band
Approach my highness, cap in hand,

I for the matter of that am a little te—te—tipsy, or so.—But as there may perhaps be, as it were, now and then, one of your Right Worshipful Fraternity, who has been in a similar predicament se—se ipse, I hope I shall receive your worships' permission to stagger on with a jug full of gas in my noddle, at least, through a stanza or two.

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And show vast tokens of humility,
I'll treat your world with due civility.

But now, alas! a wicked wag
Has pull'd away the gaseous bag:
From heaven, where thron'd, like Jove I sat,
I'm fall'n! fall'n! fall'n! down, flat! flat! flat!*

Thus, as the ancient story goes,
When o'er Avernus flew the crows,
They were so stench'd in half a minute,
They giddy grew and tumbled in it:

And thus a blade, who is too handy
To help himself to wine or brandy,
At first gets higher, then gets lower,
Then tumbles dead drunk on the floor!

Such would have been my sad case, if
I'd taken half another tiff;
And even now, I cannot swear,
I'm not as mad as a March hare!

* I'm fall'n! fall'n! fall'n! down, flat! flat! flat!

See Dryden's Feast of Alexander, where one king Darius has a terrible tumble down, beautifully described by half a dozen "fallens." But I think the Persian monarch did not after all, fall quite so *flat* as Doctor Caustic.

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How these confounded gases serve us!
But Beddoes says that I am nervous,
And that this oxyd gas of nitre
Is bad for such a *nervous* writer!

Indeed, Sir, Doctor, very odd it is
That you should deal in such commodities,
Which drive a man beside his wits,
And women to hysteric fits!*

Now, since this wildering gas inflation
Is not the thing for inspiration,
I'll take a glass of cordial gin,
Ere my sad story I begin;

And then proceed with courage stout,
From "hard-bound brains" to hammer out
My case forlorn, in doleful ditty,
To melt your worships' hearts to pity.

Sirs, I have been in high condition,
A right respectable PHYSICIAN;

* And women to hysteric fits.

See the lamentable case of the Lady, page 16th of Dr Beddoes's pamphlet, who, taking a drop too much of this panacea, fell into hysterical fits, &c.

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And passed, with men of shrewd discerning,
For wight of most prodigious learning;

For I could quote, with flippant ease,
Grave Galen and Hippocrates,
Brown, Cullen, Sydenham and such men,
Besides a *shoal* of learned Dutchmen.*

In all disorders was so clever,
From tooth ache, up to yellow fever,
That I by learned men was reckon'd
Don Esculapius the second!

No case to me was problematic;
Pains topical or symptomatic,
From aching head, to gouty toes,
The hidden cause I could disclose.

Minute examiner of Nature,
And most sagacious operator,

* Besides a *shoal* of learned Dutchmen.

Boerhaave, Steno, De Graff, Swammerdam, Zimmerman, *cum multis aliis*. By the by, gentlemen, this epithet *shoal* is not always to be taken in a *shallow* sense; but when applied to such *deep* fellows, must be considered as noun of multitude, as we say a *shoal* of herrings.

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I could descern, prescribe, apply
And cure* disease in louse's eye.

And insects smaller, ten degrees
Than those which float in summer's breeze,
Drugg'd with cathartics and emetics,
Then doctor'd off with diuretics.

I had a curious little lancet,
Your worship could not help but fancy it,
By which I show'd with skill surprising,
The whole art of *flea*-botomizing! —

And with it oft inoculated
(At which friend Jenner'll be elated)
Flies, fleas, and gnats, with cow-pock matter,
And not one *soul* took small-pox after! —

* —— discern, prescribe, apply,
And cure————

My learned friend, Dr Timothy Triangle perusing the manuscript of this my pithy petition, discovered that my description of the *modus operandi* on the insect as above, compared with the celebrated "*veni, vidi, vici,*" as a specimen of fine writing, is superior in the direct proportion of *four* to *three;* consequently Dr Caustic has advanced one step higher in the climax of sublimity than Julius Cesar.

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Could take a microscopic mite,
Invisible to naked sight;
Ad infinitum, could divide it,
For times *unnumber'd* have I tried it.

With optic glass, of great utility,
Could make the essence of nihility
To cut a most enormous figure,
As big as St Paul's church, or bigger!

Could tell, and never be mistaken,
What future oaks were in an acorn;
And even calculate, at pleasure,
The cubic inches they would measure.

Scotland could never boast a wight,
Could match OURSELF at second sight.*

* Could match OURSELF at second sight.

That your worships may be able to form something like an idea of the wonderful ken of our mental optics, it will be necessary to con with diligence the opinions of Dr Johnson on this subject, as expressed in his tour to the Hebrides. The Doctor there tells us, that though he "never could advance his curiosity to conviction, yet he came away at last, *willing* to believe." But we would have all those who anticipate the deriving any advantage from our slight at second seeing, not only willing, but absolutely *predetermined* to "believe," positive evidence to the contrary notwithstanding.

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Nor Wales a wizard, who so well
Could destiny's decrees foretel.

For we'd a precious knack at seeing,
Not only matters not in being,
But ever and anon would still be
Foreseeing things which never will be —*

Great manufacturer of weather
Nine Lapland witches, clubb'd together,
With all the elements a stewing,
Are not our match at tempest brewing.

For many a popular almanac,
Within say half a century back,
We foretold every shine and storm
Which heaven can burnish or deform.

* Foreseeing things which never will be.

Yes, gentlemen; among other great and wonderful events which we foretold, but which never have happened, and moreover never will happen, was the restoration of the Jews by the intervention of that renowned pacificator, Buonaparte. We first prophecied, and many men of our cast who had a knack at prying into futurity, echoed our prediction, that the *pious* emperor of the Gauls would make Jerusalem the head quarters of the Millennium, and under our auspices many a wandering Jew was recruited, and stood in readiness to march at a moment's warning to take possession of his patrimonial property.

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Though no two calendars agreed,
All were infallible indeed;
Of course no conjurer can stand higher
Than Caustic as a prophesier.

Discover'd worlds within the pale
Of tip-end of a tadpole's tail,
And took possession of the same
In our good friend, Sir JOSEPH's name;*

And soon shall publish, by subscription,
A topographical description
Of worlds aforesaid, which shall go forth
In *fool's* cap folio, gilt, and so forth,—

Could tell how far a careless fly
Might chance to turn this globe awry,
If flitting round, in giddy circuit,
With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it!—†

* In our good friend, Sir JOSEPH's name.

This was immensely proper, as I propose colonizing these hitherto *Terræ Incognitæ*, and know of no person in existence, except *myself* (who am now decrepit with age, and, alas, sadly poverty stricken) whose scientific qualifications, knowledge of the coast, and well known ardent zeal in the science of Tadpolism, so well entitle him to command such important expedition.

† With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it.

Could we command the years of a Nestor, "the indelible

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The mystic characters of Nature,
We read like Spurtzheim or Lavater,
To us her lineaments are labels,
Which stare like capitals on play bills.

From bearings of the different osses,
And shapes of forehead, chin, proboscis,
The frons and occiput's topography,
Can write a man's complete biography.

Have drawn nine million diagrams,
Which wags denominate flim flams,

ink" of a Lettersom, and the diligence of a Dutch commentator, we should still readily acknowledge that our powers were totally inadequate to the task of eulogising, in proportion to their merits, the philosophical and literary performances of that profound sage, Dr James Anderson, LL. D., F. R. S., *Scotland*, &c. &c. whose mysterious hints afford a clue by which we have been enabled to add lustre to the present age, by many of our own sublime discoveries and inventions.

In his *deep* work called "*Recreations in Agriculture and Natural History*," the Doctor says, among other things not less marvelous, "The mathematician can demonstrate with the most decisive certainty, that no *fly* can alight on this globe which we inhabit, without communicating *motion* to it; and he can ascertain, with the most accurate precision, *if so he choose to do*" (by the by, this *sine qua non* part of the sentence is very beautiful, and not at all redundant) "what must be the exact amount of the motion thus produced." *Vol.* ii. *p.* 350.

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Though worth your worshipful reliance
For shortest outlines of the science.

By dint of scientific thumps
Made famous phrenologic bumps,
And always found the effect was greater
Than when such bumps were made by nature.

Developements, thus manufactured,
Caused many a thick skull to be fractured
But pity well deserves defiance
When e'er she thwarts the march of science.

Thus Rousseau, Voltaire, Paine, and others,
Our revolutionizing brothers,
Got up French freedom's cruel farces,
And made worse bumps than ours in masses.

And Godwin, too, in substance said,
Our bodies politic must be bled;
Man's only mode of melioration
Is doctoring off one generation,—*

* Is doctoring off one generation.

"Perhaps no important revolution was ever bloodless. It may be useful in this place to recollect in what the mischief of shedding blood consists. The abuses, which at present

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And substituting in its place
A spotless super-human race,
Pure as an unborn infant's dream,
Of moonshine made, and moved by steam.

We have for sale the seeds of bumps,
Which, dibbled in the heads of gumps,
Take root without the aid of thumps
And grow as large as camels' humps.

Can take a wicked ugly tyke,
And every organ we dislike
Pull out or drive in, at a venture,
Thus change each bump to an indenture.

Protuberant *destructiveness*,
Placed in our phrenologic press,
Is render'd, by its power immense,
Exuberant *benevolence*.

In infancy, in half a trice,
We thus extinguish every vice,

exist in all political societies are so enormous, the oppressions which are exercised are so intolerable, the ignorance and vice which they entail so dreadful, that possibly a dispassionate inquirer might decide that, if their annihilation could be purchased by an instant sweeping off of every human

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Before it has had time to harden,
As easily as weed a garden.

We keep fine faculties ready made,
Thus beat dame Nature at her trade
Of manufacturing mental powers,
For hers are not half up to ours.

We make a thing we call NOUSOMETER,
Or Phrenological Micrometer;
The grand quintessence of inventions
For measuring the mind's dimensions.

This shows men's vices and propensities,
Their aggravations and intensities,
By marks indelible, and plain-
Ly legible as that on Cain.

Nousometers, our hope and trust is,
Will supersede our courts of justice,
By proving guilt in all gradations,
In style of Euclid's demonstrations.

To crown our cheap mode of conviction
By ready punishment's infliction,

being now arrived at maturity, from the face of the earth, the purchase would not be too dear," &c. &c.—*Godwin's Political Justice.*

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The rabblement will string up *gratis*
The convicts of our apparatus.

By said machine and foresaid books,
Rogues, stigmatized with *hanging looks*,
We whip and kick and hang *ad libitum*,
Or take the liberty to gibbet 'em.

If you're dissatisfied with that,
Our all-efficient *verbum sat*
Will *presto* raise almighty mobs,
Inured to cruel dirty jobs.

These LL. D.s' of Lynch's law*
Don't value dignity a straw,
Will thump your worships into chowder
To save expense of ropes and powder.

* Those LL. D.s' of Lynch's Law.

Lynch Law, is, we believe, synonymous with *mob law*, sometimes called *club law*. By this law summary *injustice* is executed by an ignorant and furious multitude, who burn and destroy, plunder and murder, without measure and without mercy, the property and persons of anybody and everybody who happen to be obnoxious, or are pointed out as objects entitled to the particular attention of their mobocratic mightinesses. Sometimes the poor individuals who are so unlucky as to fall into the clutches of these horrible human harpies, are subjected to mock trials, in which the accusers enact the parts of law makers, judges and executioners. A man by the name of Lynch, who lives, or has lived, some-

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Those *ne plus ultras* of atrocity,
By blind and tiger-like ferocity
Disgraceful deeds and ruthless ravages
Have shown themselves outrageous savages.

Yet, whereas Justice has'nt yet hung them,
Nor showers of grape-shot rain'd among them,
We'll use the rogues, when we think best,
For executing our behest.

Thus reptiles of the worst descriptions
Coerced the obstinate Egyptians;
And serpents erst by stings and bites
Punish'd backsliding Israelites.

Judge Lynch, thou dephlegmated evil,
Double distill'd essence of the devil,
Total depravity, we would
Hit your still harder if we could.

It makes one truly melancholic
To see your mobs, most diabolic,
Plunder and murder, with impunity,
Innocent members of community.

where in the West, was active in this mode of taking cognizance of offences, whence the whole process is called *Lynch law*. But thereby hangs a tale, which we either do not recollect, or have never heard; and in either case, we shall not, at present, trouble your worships with its recital.

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You talk of liberty, what stuff!
A mob's a monarch, sure enough,
And one true liberty most dreads,
A tyrant with ten thousand heads.

There is no despot in creation
However high and firm his station,
Who feels not more responsibility
Than Lynch's terrible mobility.

Our institutes of education
Are under moral obligation
To use said implement of ours
For graduating mental powers.

This criminal and dunce detector
May save from many a useless lecture,
From toiling quarter after quarter
In filling riddle sieves with water.

We license none for teaching schools,
Unless by Gall's and Spurzheim's rules
We find his sconce, in every section,
Bears phrenological inspection.

We apprehended Brougham's schoolmaster,
And took his head sheer off — in plaster,

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And found his bumps with ours accord
Before we let him "go abroad."

Our said mind-measurer may be set
To sound the cunningest coquette,
And ascertain by mensuration
The limits of her inclination.

Heu quantum suff, we are afraid this
Developement will shock the ladies;
But, hush, my dears, for time to come,
No mummy ever was more mum.

Our far-famed system also suits
The physiology of brutes;
Its application never fails
From mammoth down to snakes and snails.

Have fourteen folios, stereotypes
Call'd craniology of snipes,*
All which will figure, with propriety,
In annals of a learn'd society.

* Call'd craniology of snipes.

It would require an immensity of books, and an eternity of time to describe or even allude to the physological craniological, physiognomical, phrenological, &c. &c. &c. theories of Dr Gall, and a multitude of his followers. We shall, therefore, attempt no such thing, but content ourself with

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As manufacturing Phrenologist
Our articles need no apologist,
Because our skill is ten times greater,
As said before, than that of Nature.

Nature, although in some things clever,
Has but the fulcrum and the lever
To her friend Doctor Caustic given,
To elevate this world to heaven.

We have made many a clever notion
To perpetrate perpetual motion
Which went to perpetuity's borders,
Then stopp'd a bit for further orders.

Though said machines would hardly trace
The farthest links of time or space,
We never knew them fail to wend
Quite to eternity's hither end.

For women, uglier than Gorgons,
We manufacture beauty's organs,
And give them splendid shapes and faces
Which might be envied by the Graces.

the simple assertion, which we will maintain *pugnis et calcibus*, that, as to the craniology of reptiles and insects we are out of sight above the utmost stretch of whatsoever these superb philosophers could possibly comprehend.

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Pimples like pepper pods, warts like squashes,
Vanish before our beauty washes;*
By help of corsets, stays and boddices,
We transform dowdies into goddesses.†

* Vanish before our beauty washes.

Mr Mackenzie, author of *five thousand receipts*, &c., deserves to be trounced and anathematized for the following vulgar sentence:

"To set off the complexion with all the advantage it can attain, nothing more is necessary than to wash the face with pure water, or if anything farther be occasionally wanted, it is only the addition of a little soap."

† We transform dowdies into goddesses.

We here quote a passage from a popular writer merely to indicate our utter disapprobation of the author and of his sentiments:

"The solicitude of parents, especially of mothers to make their daughters fine ladies is truly ridiculous. How often soever the poor child has occasion to look at anything below the parallel of the horizon, and a little relax the muscles of the neck, it can hardly ever escape the notice of her mamma or her governess, and she is bid with more than common poignancy of expression, to hold up her head, perhaps more than a thousand times in a day. If one of her shoulders should be thought to rise but an hair's breadth higher than the other, she is immediately bound and braced, twisted and screwed, in a most unmerciful manner, and tortured almost to death, in order to correct the supposed irregularity. And lest the dear creature, in the natural play and free use of her limbs, should contract any ungenteel habits, the dancing master must be called in at least three times a week to put every part of the body into its due place and attitude, and

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Nice ladies' minds we manufacture,
Cast in a mould without a fracture,
And sell the precious things in lots,
An art we learn'd of Doctor Watts.

And o'er the shop where these are made,
In nine inch letters is portray'd,
FINE FEMALE FACULTIES FORM'D AND FURNISHED,
With genteel educations burnished.

This shop supplies the place, no doubt,
Of seminaries talk'd about,
But never put in operation,
Fitted for female education.*

We fabricate spruce dandy noddies,
With souls adapted to their bodies,

teach her to sit, stand and walk according to the exact rules of his art, which, to be sure, must infinitely exceed all the simplicity of untutored nature. Should the least pimple appear on any part of the face, or what is still more alarming, should the milk-maid's flush begin to betray itself in the color of the cheeks, all possible means must be used, physic and diet must do their part, nay, health itself must be endangered or destroyed to suppress the vulgar complexion.

"Health and beauty have been frequently destroyed by a solicitous care to preserve them, deformity induced, and a thousand ill habits contracted by the very means that were intended to prevent them."—*Ash's Sentiments on Education.*

* See additional note No. 1, at the end of the volume.

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To wit so exquisitely small
They might as well have none at all.*

* They might as well have none at all.

The process by which this fabrication is effected is copied from Nature; and her manipulations in similar performances have been thus described in some of our heretofore publications:

Certain sages learn'd and twistical,
By reasoning not a whit sophistical,
Have proved what's wonderful, to wit,
The smallest atom may be split,
Then split again, *ad infinitum;*
And diagrams, which much delight 'em,
By Mr Martin make this out
Beyond the shadow of a doubt.
Matter thus *splittable*, I wean,
With half an eye it may be seen,
That *spirit*, being much diviner,
May be proportionably finer;
Nor is this merely *postulatum*,
'T is proved by facts, and thus I state them.

Dame Nature erst, in mood of merriment,
Perform'd the following odd experiment;
She took a most diminish'd sprite,
Smaller than microscopic mite,
An hundred thousand such might lie
Wedged in a cambric needle's eye,
And first, by dint of her divinity,
Divided that one whole infinity,
Then cull'd the very smallest particle,
And shaped therefrom that worthless article,
That tiny evanescent dole,
Which serves for Dicky Dapper's soul.

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When we discern an abstract right,
We press it ever main and might ;
Hold all correct, which suits our fancies,
And never yield to circumstances.

We cannot brook the serpentine,
Our march is onward, one straight line,
Nor flood nor fire impedes our way,
Lickitacut — devil to pay !

We prompt or sanction all procedures
Of Slavery-Abolition-Leaders,
Who "go ahead" with more display
Than a whirlwind's march o'er a dusty way.

Though southern blacks, to all appearances,
Are injured by our interferences,
Still right is right, your most obedient
Cares not a fig about th' expedient.

Let loose the blacks at any rate,
Without delay, without debate,
Their clanging chains asunder snap
Suddenly as by thunder clap.

Huzza then, for *amalgamation*
To change our "dough-faced population,"

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In course of one more generation,
To a nice copper-color'd nation.

Reader it may be you're a lady,
Fair as the blush of morn in May day,—
And not much smitten with our plan
Of *union* with a *color'd* man.

Bah! bah! my dear, I tell you this is
The silliest of prejudices;
Cupid will duly elevate him,
And Hymen will amalgamate him.

Thus one Othello was, you know,
Black as the plumage of a crow,
And yet the white Miss Desdemona
Loved him as well as flies love honey.

The car of Venus, bards have sung,
Was drawn by doves, when I was young,
But then, were black birds substituted,
Ourself for one were better suited.

We're rather darkish hued ourself,
Yet will annihilate the elf,
Who says in earnest, or in jokes
We're not as good as whiter folks.

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The only *color* of objection
To our said *tawny* predilection
Is this, 't will ruin the machinery
Of amatory poets' scenery.

Bright eyes, pink lips, and cheeks of roses,
Lily-complexions, Grecian noses,
Fine necks, and so forth, alabasters,
No more be themes for poetasters.

But then the Muse's votary may
In rhymes like these his fair portray, —
My Phillis has a natural varnish
Which time nor accident can't tarnish;

No sickly, pale, unripen'd maid,
"Dyed in the wool," she cannot fade;
Essence of ebony and logwood,
And sweeter than the flowers of dogwood.

Lives there a bard who would not glory
In such epistles amatory,
Possessing that uncommon quality,
A sprinkling of originality.

On advocates of colonization
Shower demi-johns of indignation! —

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Annihilate the knaves and dolts,
With Caustic's *Patent Thunderbolts!*

And, be it known, with due civility,
To our Columbian nobility,
Fewer *black hearts* and more *black faces*
Would much improve their waning races.

To lose our *jetty* population
Would take the *shine* from our great nation,
And make us all like old shoes, lacking
A coat of Day and Martin's blacking.

We're glad to find New England beauties
For black men's rights and white men's duties
Enlisting their resistless charms,
For all men yield to ladies' arms.

Do, dears, make us your generalissimo,
An all important trust that is, you know,
And we the hero, who can fill it
With dazzling glory, if you will it.

Bostonin's beautiful brigade,
With Doctor Caustic's flag display'd,
Suppose you make a general levy
To swell the columns of your bevy.

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Bright key-stones of the Social Arch,
Left foot foremost, forward march!
Our *spunk* is up, our prowess ample
On *anti-union* rogues to trample.

Ourself will lead the ladies'-army on,
Charge at its head like Scott's brave Marmion;
You fight as angels fought before
In heaven, so Milton says, of yore.

The swart south shivers like a leaf,
M'Stuffie shoots himself for grief
At finding all resistance vain,
As battling with a hurricane.

We hold in utter execration
What 's styled the *Temperance Reformation.*
To live without good alcohol
Is tantamount to tol-de-rol;—

For nine tenths of our doctors' fees
From Bacchanalian devotees
And votaries of Sir Richard Rum
Have ever, and will ever come.

Incipient inebriation
From vinous alcoholization

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Is indispensable now-a-days
To make our patriotism blaze.

Dinner harangues would be so so,
Stump oratory would not go
If wine and whiskey did not aid
The speechifying and parade.

And where 's the patriot, who boasts
Of excellent *cold water* toasts?
If such things were, and had some merit,
They must be *destitute of spirit.*

If Temperance should turn the scale,
And total abstinence prevail,
Rhyme-mongers would be flatter still,
A million lines, not worth a mill.

Lord Byron's verse, so highly prized,
Had fail'd to be immortalized,
Unless the noble bard had been
Exalted on the wings of gin.

As to Anacreontic lays,
A Moore could make no more displays,
Ay, Thomas Moore could never more
Make Bacchanalians shout encore.

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If Temperance chaps want suffer wine
Nor gin t' inspire the maudlin nine,
Some verse by critics dubb'd divine
Will seem almost as flat as mine.

Horace says *dulce est desipere*,*
Drink till your way home 's rather slippery,
But don't indulge in gross ebriety,
Save in the very best society.

The lower orders too, we think,
Unless addicted to strong drink,
Might rise to riches and renown,
Thus turn society up side down.

Let paupers, therefore, swig away,
With gin and whiskey soak their clay,
For beggars, somebody says or sings,
When drunk as lords are rich as kings.

And if by temperance and frugality,
Shoe binding should be changed to *quality*,

* Horace says, *dulce est desipere*.

The stanza with which this line commences, is a liberal, but so far as respects meaning, a faithful translation of the famous maxim, *Dulce est desipere in loco.* — *Horace* L. iv. C. 12.

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The mounting mobocratic masses
May over-top us upper classes.

The readiest way to keep them down
Is this, give every jade and clown
"Lots" of intoxicating stuff,
Gin, whiskey, and new rum enough;

And in that case, I 'll bet my eyes,
The rogues will never, never rise;
Though placed in heaven, they could not fail
To be Sir Richard Rum's canaille.

If ardent spirit is not handy,
Cider 's almost as good as brandy,
And strong beer serves to drench one's dust,
And keep alive the drunkard's thirst.

There's nothing like intoxication
To thin off extra population,
And keep it at respectful distance
Behind the means of man's subsistence.

By your good leave, I question whether
War, famine, pestilence, together,
Could fill, of alcohol, the place,
In doctoring off the human race.

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Then, paltry pauper, swig away,
With gin and whiskey soak your clay,
Till you 've diluted it to mortar,
A filthy mass of mud and water.

Drink till th' experiment you make
Of how much liquid fire 't will take
To make a drunkard burn like tinder,
And change a nuisance to a cinder.

The devil, as Milton represented,
Gunpowder, long ago invented;
But genius always finds its level,
And man, of course, has beaten the devil.

The wight, who alcohol found out,
Surpass'd the fiend, beyond a doubt;
He, therefore, merits more renown,
And ought to wear a hotter crown.

We live on vegetable diet,
And will not let a man be quiet,
Unless the evidence is ample
That he is copying our example.

Though brother Graham, it is said,
Stuffs christians with unbolted bread,

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Our belly *timber*, quite as good,
Is made of any kind of *wood*.*

You know the common farmer takes
His white oak wood for fencing *stakes*,
But Lady Caustic fits in style,
Superior white oak *steaks*, to broil.

She 's famous, too, for *white oak cheese*,
Harder than granite, ten degrees;
So hard that we 're obliged to take it
To some trip-hammer works to break it.

Good hemlock bark philosophized
In soup, by epicures is prized,

* Is made of any kind of wood.

The hint for this improvement was derived from an article in the *American Farmer*, from which the following is extracted:

"A few weeks since, two of the members of the United Society of Shakers, at Lebanon, N. Y., were at our office. They informed us that they had tried an experiment in feeding hogs with *saw dust*, produced in their button and other wooden ware factory, by mixing with the usual food, in the proportion of one third; that is, two parts of the usual food and one part of saw dust; and that the hogs thrive full as well as when fed in the usual way. From their experiments they are satisfied that the saw-dust was digested by the animals, was nutritious, and answered in all respects the purposes of the usual food."

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A paste of button-wood, quoth I,
Is cap-a-pie to cap a pie.

A stick of bass-wood, being bevill'd
By gastronomic art bedevill'd,
Or served as Welchmen cook their cheese,
A man of taste will always please.

From saw dust, bran and pebble stones,
And *quantum suff.* of pounded bones,
We form the most delicious dishes
That e'er indulged the gourmand's wishes.

When our great plans are brought to pass,
Mankind *en masse* may go to grass;
And every rover, will moreover,
Enjoy his lot like pig in clover.

We next crave liberty to mention
Another wonderful invention;
A sort of stenographic still,
Alias a Patent Author's mill.

We fill its hopper with a set
Of letters of the alphabet,
And turn out eulogies, orations,
Or themes for July celebrations,—

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News, both domestic and extraneous,
Essays, and extracts miscellaneous,
We manufacture by the means
Of said superlative machines.

This last invention also reaches
To making Congress members' speeches;
Would they adopt it, though we 've said it,
T' would cent per cent enhance their credit.

We hammer'd out a lawyer's jaw mill,
Which went by water like a saw-mill
With so much clamor, fire and fury,
It thunderstruck the judge and jury.

A syllogism, which embraces
All knotty, complicated cases,
We fabricated and applied
To every cause which could be tried.

Oft have I quench'd man's vital spark:
"The soul's old cottage," cold and dark,
Again, in spite of death, our grand ill,
Illumed as one would light a candle.*

* Illumed as one would light a candle.

In my younger days, I lived on terms of intimacy with Doctor Franklin, highly honorable to both parties, as it

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Display'd a mode in Latin thesis
To pick the human frame to pieces;

showed we were both men of discernment in choosing each a great man for his friend.

In a letter from that venerable sage, afterwards printed (*See Franklin's Works, p.* 115, *vol.* ii. *third edition*) he told me that toads buried in sand, shut up in hollow trees, &c. would live forever, as it were; and, among other things, informed me of certain curious facts about flies, which I will relate in his own words. "I have seen an instance of common flies preserved in a manner somewhat similar. They had been drowned in Madeira wine, apparently about the time when it was bottled in Virginia, to be sent to London. At the opening of one of the bottles, at the house of a friend where I was, three drowned flies fell into the first glass which was filled. Having heard it remarked that drowned flies were capable of being revived by the rays of the sun, I proposed making the experiment upon these. They were therefore exposed to the sun upon a sieve, which had been employed to strain them out of the wine. In less than three hours two of them began by degrees to recover life. They commenced by some convulsive motions of the thighs, and at length they raised themselves upon their legs, wiped their eyes with their fore feet, beat and brushed their wings with their hind feet, and soon after began to fly, finding themselves in Old England, without knowing how they came thither. The third continued lifeless until sun-set, when, losing all hopes of him, he was thrown away.

"I wish it were possible, from this instance, to invent a method of embalming drowned persons, in such a manner that they might be recalled to life, at any period, however distant; for having a very ardent desire to see and observe the state of America a hundred years hence, I should prefer to an ordinary death, the being immersed in a cask of Madeira

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The parts deposit by themselves, –
Like mineral specimens on shelves ;—

And having scour'd off every particle
Which clogg'd the motions of the article,
The vital functions to restore
To healthier action than before.*

wine, with a few friends, until that time, then to be recalled to life by the solar warmth of my dear country. But since, in all probability, we live in an age too early, and too near the infancy of science, to see such an art brought, in our time, to perfection, I must, for the present, content myself with the treat which you are so kind as to promise me, of the resurrection of a fowl or turkey cock."

* To healthier action than before.

I do not arrogate to myself the whole merit of this noble invention. Dr Price and Mr Godwin, in divers elaborate works, especially the latter, in his *Political Justice*, suggested some ideas which set my ingenuity in such a ferment, that I could not rest quietly till I had brewed a sublime treatise on the best mode of pulling down, repairing, and rebuilding decayed and worn out animal machines.

I shall not attempt, in this place, to oblige your worships with anything like a table of the contents of this judicious and profound performance. I will, however, gratify your curiosity so far as to glance cursorily at a few of the leading topics therein discussed and illustrated, and slightly mention some of the immense advantages which will be the result of this discovery.

In the first place, I make it apparent, by a long series of experiments and scientific deductions, drawn therefrom, that it is very practicable to enlighten the mind of a stupid fellow,

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Thus, brother Ovid said or sung once,
The Gods of *old* folks could make *young* ones*

by battering, boring, or pulling his body to pieces.—Mr poet Waller's authority is here to my purpose, who tells us, that

"The soul's dark cottage *batter'd* and decay'd,
"Lets in *new light* through chinks which time has made."

Mr Gray, likewise, in his *Hymn to Adversity*, requests that "Daughter of Jove" to impose *gently* her "iron hand," and trouble him a *little* with her "torturing hour," although he appears disposed to avoid, if possible, her more dismal accompaniments, such as her "Gorgonic frown," and the "funereal cry of horror."

The Spaniards, under Cortes and Pizarro, managed much in the same way, and enlightened the natives of the mighty

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* The gods of *old* folks could make *young* ones.

——— Stricto Medea recludit
Ense senis jugulum: veteremque exire cruorem
Passa, replet succis. Quos postquam combibit Æson
Aut ore acceptos, aut vulnere barda, comæque
Canitie posita nigrum rapuere colorem.
Pulsa fugit macies.

This passage, with a condensation of thought and felicity of expression peculiar to myself, I have thus happily hit into English.

Medea cut the wither'd weasand
Of superannuated Æson,
Then fill'd him with the acrid juices
Of nettle-tops and flower-de-luces;
Till from the defunct carcase, lo!
Starts a full blooded Bond street beau!!

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By process, not one whit acuter,
Than making *new* pots from old pewter.

empires of Peru and Mexico in the great truths of Christianity, by killing a part, reducing the remainder to a state of servitude, and battering their souls' cottages at their leisure. This process is in part expressed in a poetical epistle, which I received not long since from my correspondent settled at Terra del Fuego, in South America, who thus expresses the conduct of some of his acquaintance, in converting the aborigines to Christianity.

Good folks to America came
To curtail old Satan's dominions;
The natives, the more to their shame,
Stuck fast to their ancient opinions.

Till a method the pious men find,
Which ne'er had occur'd to your dull wits,
Of making sky-lights to the mind,
By boring the body with bullets.

Like Waller, with process so droll,
To illume an old clod-pated noddy;
They thought they might burnish the soul,
By beating a hole in the body.

I have read of a great mathematician, who was uncommonly stupid till about the age of twenty, when he accidentally pitched head first into a deep well, fractured his skull, and it became necessary to trepan him. After the operation it was immediately evident that his wit was much improved, and he soon became a prodigy of intellect. Whether this alteration was caused by "new light let in through chinks," the trapanning chisel had made, or whether the texture and position of the brain were materially changed for the better, in consequence of the jar and contusion of the fall, I shall

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So famed Aldini, erst in France,
Led dead folks down a country-dance,

leave to some future Lavater, or any other gentleman, who can gauge the capacity of a statesman, or a barrel of porter, with equal facility, to determine.

2d. I proceed to demonstrate, that man being, as our most enlightened *modern* philosophers allow, jumbled together by mere *chance* (a blind, capricious goddess, who, half her time, does not know what she is about) it is extremely easy to understand the principles of his texture; because the mechanism of his frame is less intricate than that of a common spit jack. Consequently, a Solomon or a Brodum can mend this machine when deranged, as well as a Harvey, a Sydenham, or a Mead.

3d. I proceed to prove, from analogy, with what facility this machine may be disjointed, pulled to pieces, and again botched together. My friend Mahomet had his heart taken out, a drop of black blood expressed therefrom, and went about his common concerns next day as well as ever. So when a sighing swain is taken desperately in love, he may lose all his insides without any very serious inconvenience. This I can attest from *sad experience*, as, about forty years since, I was terribly in for't, with a sweet little sprig of divinity, whose elbow was ever her most prominent feature, whenever I had the audacity to attempt to approximate the shrine of her Goddesship.

4th. The important advantages, which will undoubtedly arise from this invention, are almost too obvious to require explanation. I shall, however, advert to a few.

By taking the animal machine to pieces, you may divest it of such particles as clog its wheels, and render its motions less perfect. A decayed, worn-out gallant may have *its* parts separated, thoroughly burnished, botched together, and rendered as bright as a new-coined silver sixpence. Thus my

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And made them rigadoon and chasse
As well as when alive, I dare say!

And I once offer'd, very prettily,
To patch up Frenchmen kill'd in Italy,
Though shot, or stabb'd, or hack'd with fell blows,
As wives patch coats when out at elbows!

venerable Piccadilly friend, who, as Darwin expresses it, sometimes "clasps a beauty in *Platonic* arms;" if he should, fifty years hence, perceive that the mechanism of his frame is rather the worse for wear, may come to Dr Caustic, and be rebuilt into as fine a young buck as any in Christendom.

5th. Hereditary diseases may be thus culled from the constitution, and gouty and other deleterious particles separated from those which are sound and healthful.

Pride may be picked from the composition of an upstart mushroom of a nobleman, impudence from a quack, knavery from a lawyer, moroseness from a methodist, testiness from an old bachelor, peevishness from an old maid; in short, mankind altered from what they are to what they ought to be, by a method at once cheap, practicable, easy and expeditious.

The only difficulty which has ever opposed itself to my carrying this sublime invention to the highest possible pitch of perfection, has been the almost utter impossibility of procuring any man, woman, or child, who is willing to become the subject of operation. Now if either of your worships would loan me his carcase to be picked to pieces, and again botched together in the manner above stated, provided the experiment should not fully succeed, I will engage to pay *all* the damages thereby accruing to community, out of *one tenth* part of the profits of this publication.

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Profoundly versed in chymic science,
I could bid matter's law defiance;
Was up to nature, or beyond her,
In mimic earthquakes, rain, and thunder!*

* In mimic earthquakes, rain, and thunder!

Chymistry furnishes us with a method of manufacturing *artificial* earthquakes, which will have all the great effects of those that are natural. The old-fashioned receipt for an earthquake, however, of iron filings and sulphur mixed in certain proportions and immersed in the earth, I shall not take the trouble to state to your worships; as most of you have, *perhaps*, read Mr Martin's Philosophy nearly half through. But my plan is to make such an earthquake as no mortal, except Dr Darwin and myself, ever supposed possible. The former gentleman made shift to explode the moon from the *southern* hemisphere of our earth, and I propose to forward other moons by artificial earthquakes of my own invention, from the *northern* hemisphere. I will give your worships a specimen of Dr Darwin's moon-producing earthquake, from "*Botanic Garden*," Canto I.

"Gnomes! How you shriek'd! when through the troubled air,
Roar'd the fierce din of elemental war;
When rose the continents, and sunk the main,
And earth's huge sphere exploding burst in twain.—
Gnomes! How you gazed! When from her wounded side,
Where now the *South* sea heaves its waste of tide,
Rose on swift wheels the MOON's refulgent car,
Circling the solar orb, a sister star,
Dimpled with vales, with shining hills emboss'd,
And roll'd round earth her airless realms of frost."

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And by a shock of electricity,
(I tell the truth without duplicity)
I did (what won't again be soon done)
E'en fairly knock the man in the moon down!*

No man will say in this case,—

Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus.

The reaction, at the moment of explosion, of that mass of matter which now composes our moon, is the cause of the obliquity of the polar axis to the poles of the ecliptic, according to Dr Darwin; though Milton says,

"———— Angels turn'd askance
The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more:
From the sun's axle, they with labor push'd
Oblique the centric globe."—

Whether an explosion similar to that, so beautifully described by Dr Darwin, from the *north* side of the equator, would not set all right, and a new era be announced, which will be, like that of old, when

"———————— Spring
Perpetual smiled on earth, with vernal flowers,
Equal in days and nights"——

is a problem worth the attention of our modern philosophers. But at any rate, I, Dr Caustic, will positively try the experiment.

* E'en fairly knock the man in the moon down!

This notable exploit I think to be a very great improvement on electrical experiments made by a number of renowned French and English philosophers. See *Priestly's History of Electricity*, page 94.

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On ocean's bottom we can travel,
Thorough mud and thorough gravel;
While over head hoarse tempests hurtle
With more adroitness than a turtle.

Priestly first caused our head to teem
With this most eligible scheme,
Supplied us vital air, which stuff
We took like macaroni snuff.*

Encamp'd beneath a huge ice island,
For nineteen years we did n't come nigh land,
And could have staid, as well as not,
E'en had the sea been boiling hot.

In car triumphant, drawn by whales,
Tackled to their tremendous tails,
We rode sublime, and claim'd a right
To everything which hove in sight.

* We took like macaroni snuff.

Dr Darwin alludes to this wonderful performance in the following superb lines:

"Led by the sage, lo! Britain's sons shall guide
Huge SEA-BALLOONS beneath the tossing tide;
The diving castles roof'd with spheric glass,
Ribb'd with strong oak, and barr'd with bolts of brass,
Buoy'd with pure air shall endless tracts pursue,
And PRIESTLEY's hand the vital flood renew."

Botanic Garden, Canto iv.

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Old Neptune's realm, 't is our intent,
To make a Yankee-settlement,
And if Britannia interferes*
We'll twist her ugly lion's ears.

An Iceland burning mountain's gorge
We metamorphos'd to a forge,
And made therein as many as
Ten thousand tons of *solid gas.*

* And if Britannia interferes.

That Great Britian, not content with domineering on the surface, contemplates the colonizing of the depths of the ocean, is evident from the following lines, by Dr Darwin:

"Then shall Britannia rule the wealthy realms,
Which ocean's wide insatiate wave o'erwhelms;
Confine in netted bowers his scaly flocks,
Part his blue plains, and people all his rocks.
Deep in warm waves, beneath the line that roll,
Beneath the shadowy ice-isles of the pole,
Onward, through bright meandering vales-afar,
Obedient *sharks** shall trail her sceptred car,
With harness'd necks the pearly flood disturb,
Stretch the silk rein, and champ the silver curb."

But be it known by these presents to Britannia's ladyship, that all that part of the ocean, which lies between the centre of gravity and six feet of the surface, including whatsoever salt water touches or rests upon, belongs to Doctor Caustic, by the rights of discovery and pre-occupation.

* We preferred whales both for the docility and the rhyme's sake.

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This we can let off at our leisure,
Like Shakspeare's conjurer, wield at pleasure
The explosive elements of thunder,
With power to rive the globe asunder.

And if the theory of Babbage*
Is worth a single head of cabbage,

* And if the theory of Babbage, &c.

Charles Babbage, Esq. A. M., Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, [Eng.] and member of several academies, has written and published a work *On the Economy of Machinery and Manufactures*, which furnished that impulse to our *Organ of Constructiveness* which eventuated in the accomplishment of the solid gas manufactory above alluded to.

"In Iceland the sources of heat [to wit, hot springs, volcanoes, &c.] and their proximity seem almost to point out the future destiny of that island. The use of its glaciers may enable its inhabitants to liquefy the gases with the least expenditure of mechanical force; and the heat of its volcanoes may supply the power necessary for their condensation. Thus, in a future age, *power* may become the staple commodity of the Icelanders, and of the inhabitants of other volcanic districts; and possibly the very process by which they will procure this article of exchange for the luxuries of happier climates, may, in some measure tame, the tremendous element which occasionally devastates this province."

By our improvement, after the gases are condensed into a liquid, they are made solid by the total abstraction therefrom of every particle of caloric, insomuch that a thermometer, of our invention, with its bulb in a ball of gas, indicated 999 degrees below 0 of Fahrenheit.

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This grand plenipotent gas of ours
Will supersede all moving powers.

With this will drive aerial cars,
Send hourly coaches to the stars,
A lightning opposition line
Would be a snail compared to mine.

We seized the moon, by mickle strength,
And brought her down, within arm's length,—
And made her, under our protection,
Submit to critical inspection.

Her Natural History and Topography,
With plates of Pendleton's lithography,
We mean to print and publish soon,
And call it MIRROR OF THE MOON.

Like us, was never man besides
To calculate aerial tides;
Though Volney undertook to do it
He wanted science to go through it.*

* He wanted science to go through it.

Monsieur Citizen Volney, a sort of minor doctor Caustic, published a circular letter, requesting the co-operation of men of similar views and intellects with his own, to make observations on the course and velocity of the winds, the times of their occurrence, &c. in different parts of the globe.

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But we can let your worships know
Which way, next year the wind will blow,
And indicate without verbosity,
The measure of its mean velocity.

We gagg'd sage Darwin's polar bear,
And would not let him "vomit air;"*

The results of these observations he wished might be forwarded to him at Paris, that he might therefrom be able to complete a theory, which he had partly formed for calculating the tides and currents of the atmosphere, with as much precision as those of the ocean are now predicted.

Dr Franklin's theories relative to this subject also deserve the meed of metrical immortality. His tropical hurricanes, caused by a whirling precipitance of cold air from the upper to the lower region of the atmosphere are very fine phenomena. His *north east storms*, which, on our continent, begin their operations at the *south west*, in consequence of some extra rarefaction of air somewhere on or about the isthmus of Darien, deserve a minute inspection. The ascent of rarefied air at the equator, which makes its way to the poles, and visits us in the form of a frigorific north-wester, as explained by Dr Darwin, requires your worship's high-consideration. But we do not believe it possible by a single impulse to project all this philosophy into your right worshipful's pericrania. You will, therefore, please wait till we have leisure for the operation.

* And would not let him "vomit air."

This terrible bear is likewise a camelion, and also a dragon. But here you have him —

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Thus spoil'd the Boreal ventilator,
And made a *vacuum* at the equator.

And then, by Doctor Priestley's aid,
A vital atmosphere was made,

"Castled on ice, beneath the circling bear,
A vast CAMELION drinks and *vomits air*;
O'er twelve degrees his ribs gigantic bend,
And many a league his gasping jaws extend;
Half fish beneath, his scaly volutes spread,
And vegetable plumage crests his head,
Huge fields of air his wrinkled skin receives,
From panting gills, wide lungs, *and waving leaves*;*
Then with dread throes subsides his bloated form,
His shriek the thunder, and his sigh the storm."

Botanic Garden.

And again in prose.

"Though the immediate cause of the destruction or reproduction of great masses of air, at certain times when the wind changes from north to south, or from south to north, cannot yet be ascertained; yet as there appears greater difficulty in accounting for this change of wind from any other known causes, we may still suspect that there exists in the arctic and antarctic circles, a BEAR OR DRAGON, yet unknown to philosophers, which, at times, suddenly *drinks up*, and at other times as suddenly *vomits out*, one fifteenth part of the atmosphere: and hope that this or some future age will learn how to govern and domesticate a monster which might be rendered of such important service to mankind"!!!

Botanic Garden. Note XXXIII.

* "Divine Nonsensia."

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And stretch'd abroad, and found to answer,
From Capricorn quite on to Cancer.

We set an air balloon in motion
To float on th' atmospheric ocean,
Annex'd a log, which never fail'd,
To give the distance which it sail'd:

And form'd a rudder, I assure it ye,
By which we steer'd with great security,
And could make good our destination
To any harbor in creation.

And we had nineteen pair of oars,
All mann'd with philosophic rowers,
Could therefore sail without a breeze,
Or stem a hurricane with ease.*

* Or stem a hurricane with ease.

"Many schemes" (it is said in Rees's Cyclopædia, article Aerostation) "have been proposed for directing the horizontal motion of balloons. Some have thought of annexing sails to a balloon, in order to give it the advantage of the wind; but to this proposal it has been objected, that as the aerostatic machines are at rest with respect to the air that surrounds them, they feel no wind, and consequently can derive no benefit from the sails." None but a conjurer, however, could have made that discovery. But Dr Rees says further, that "An ingenious writer observes, that the case of vessels at sea is quite different from that of balloons; be-

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We now make public our intention
By aid of said superb invention,
To send a well arm'd air balloon
To take and colonize the moon.

A most inveterate believer
In foreign source of yellow fever,
We say his sconce must be fuliginous,
Who holds that plague to be indigenous.

cause that the former move with a velocity incomparably less than that of the wind impelling them, on account of the resistance of the water," &c. This ingenious writer must have had a new edition of Friar Bacon's head on his shoulders.

Our mode of steering a balloon is an improvement on the invention of Professor Danzel, which is thus described by Dr Rees. "Professor Danzel has constructed two cylinders, or axles, to the ends of which are fixed, in the form of a cross, four sails or oars, moveable at the point of their insertion in the cylinder, in such a manner, that when made to move round by means of a handle, the eight oars, like the cogs of a water mill wheel, present, successively, sometimes their flat side and sometimes their edge," &c.

It is very possible that you may have heard of some of our American mechanical geniuses, who have *sometimes come very nigh* to the art of navigating boats against the stream by the force of the current. But our invention is very materially different from that. We manage much like a crab or lobster that paddles himself forward under water, and proceeds as well as if he actually carried sail.

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As to th' extent of its dominion
We 'll give our medical opinion;
When next we greet your worships, please
To give security for fees.

This dire disorder is contagious
And its contagion is outrageous,*
'T will rage like wild-fire, anywhere,
On dryest soil, in purest air.

* And its contagion is outrageous.

Some people, who appear to be fond of an opportunity of spoiling a beautiful theory, have produced against contagion the following arguments, and thereby very much perplexed a simple subject which ought to have been decided solely by the *ipse dixit* of some famous personage of the faculty.

1. The disorder is propagated more rapidly than could be possible on the theory of contagion; as it spreads over a large city quicker than the small pox would pervade a single alley.

2. It assimilates to itself all other diseases, and forces them to wear its livery; which never is the case in contagious disorders.

3. It is destroyed by frost; but frost increases the activity of contagion.

4. It is an endemic, and must have its own local atmosphere, beyond whose limits it cannot be communicated. Thus the attendants of the sick in *country* hospitals are never known to be infected.

These, and fifty other arguments of a similar nature, I overturn by the weight of the authority of Dr Mead and other great men, which I have found to be a concise and conclusive way of stopping the mouths of my opponents.

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It is an animalcule, which
Is propagated like the itch,—
Communicated like small pox,
But can't be bred in dirty docks.

From patient's breath an emanation,
By contact or approximation
It may, as learned men have stated,
Be everywhere disseminated.

From friends infected, children, wives,
Let all men scamper then, for lives;
The wretches shun like Charon's ferry,
And leave the dead themselves to bury.

T is true some simpletons have said
A kind of fever may be bred
By heat conjoin'd with putrefaction,
Which suits contagionists to a fraction.

They tell you, if these causes may
Produce the plague in Africa,
It would, to common sense, appear
They might effect the fever here.

That true philosophy expects
From all *like causes like effects;*
For Nature never play'd a prank
To cheat us, like a mountebank.

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But these dull dolts don't understand
That in "Columbia's happy land,"
Nature, for sake of "Freedom's cause,"
Will set aside her general laws.

Said yellow fever can endure
Nothing offensive or impure,
Bad water or mephitic air
Or dead cats in a thoroughfare.

Therefore, good cits, in sultry weather
Collect your dirtiness together,
And then contrive to lodge it pretty
Nigh to the centre of the city.

The fever, meeting such a mound,
Will turn about and quit the ground,
And leave the fortunate dirt-protected
Inhabitants, quite uninfected.

Filth, on earth's surface, it is clear,
Its like attracts from th' atmosphere,
And always leaves a pure vicinity,
By laws of chemical affinity.*

* By laws of chemical affinity.

Many an elaborate argument, founded on the above philosophical proposition has been bandied about in periodical

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Our citizens, their next resource
Should cause a "social intercourse,"
By perforating banks and bounds
'Twixt vaults and wells and burying-grounds.

For such good management ensures
Against expense in digging sewers;
Because a well, 't is very plain,
Serve all its neighborhood for a drain.

These things accomplish'd 't will be very
Correct their relatives to bury
Scarce under ground, in the most populous
And busy part of the metropolis.

For 't would be decorous, at least,
In memory of the dear deceased,
At once to answer two good ends,
To *drink to* and *to drink* our friends.

Thus Artemisia, 't was I think,
Made her dead husband diet drink,

prints and journals, during sundry desperate disputes relative to the origin of the American plague. Madrid and Edinburgh, it is affirmed, are rendered healthy by a want of cleanliness, which is proverbial. This sound reasoning is made the basis of our judicious prescriptions which adorn this and several consecutive stanzas.

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And thereby, probably enough,
Saved gallipots of doctor's stuff.

Proceed to scoop each populous place in
To something very like a basin;
And let the centre of your mart
Be on or near the lowest part.

Well, after all these things are finish'd,
Let no man's efforts be diminish'd,
But this good maxim keep in view,
That nought is done if aught 's to do.

Then fall too, gentlemen, and grub
Up every root and tree and shrub,
Each trace of vegetation found
In town and out, for ten miles round.

Your "useful labors" to complete
In every square, side-walk and street,
By way of ornament then please
To set out Bohun Upas trees.

If after all the fiend we find
Is not to emigrate inclined,
But like too many a foreign caitiff
Declares on oath he is a native,

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To counteract him, my advice is
To tow us down the polar ices,
And when a field or two is brought us,
'T will drive him into winter quarters.

This thing your worship's well know can
Be done on Doctor Darwin's plan,
And 't is the best work, past a doubt,
Our gun boats can be set about.

*Paulo majora nunc canamus,**
And hope the public will not blame us
If we should soar, ('t is our intention,)
Above your worship's comprehension.

We 've form'd the most tremendous plan,
Which ever stretch'd the mind of man,
And which to nothing less aspires
Than making moons from central fires.

If theories of Doctor Hutton
Be worth the shadow of a button,

* Paulo majora nunc canamus.

Now sweep Apollo's sounding lyre,
And pitch the psalm an octave higher.

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And Doctor Darwin has not blunder'd,
We 'll turn out full moons by the hundred*

* We 'll turn out full moons by the hundred.

I do not think that one in forty of your worship's has ever read the "Theory of the Earth," as first produced by James Hutton, M. D., F. R. S., &c. &c. and thereafter much improved by professor Playfair. As it would, however, be highly commendable for gentlemen of your honorable profession not to rest with a superficial view of the great operations of nature, I will accompany you as far as the centre of gravity, in a journey of observation, for investigating the astonishing magazines of burning materials which Dr Hutton and professor Playfair have furnished us for the execution of our stupendous project.

1. You will obligingly take it for granted, or run the risk of spoiling the Huttonian Theory, that the centre of the globe is a stupendous furnace, a million times hotter than that of Nebuchadnezzar. That this same heat, although it never amounts to a blaze, and wastes no fuel, is sufficiently elastic to raise the continents from the bottom of the main —That having once raised or blown them up, as it were, like a bladder, it is very careful not to let them down again, because as we shall see by and by, they must all be "*disintegrated*," alias washed into the ocean.

2. Moreover, Dr Hutton's followers will thank you to suppose that all this matter, raised as aforesaid, consisted originally of *unstratified* rocks, which, though they are properly called primitive as the most ancient of the whole family of rocks, yet they are in fact nothing better than the scrapings or "*disintegrations*" of primal continents which existed before the commencement of the last edition of the earth.

3. You will please to believe that all calcareous matters

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We mean to bore us, at a venture,
Some auger-holes through Hutton's centre,

are formed from the *detritus* of the primitive rocks, delivered by rivers into the sea, and there, after having been modified by central heat, protruded above water as before mentioned.

4. You will likewise be convinced that no metal, mineral, or *lapidose* substance, can possibly be formed except at the bottom of the ocean, in the laboratory of Dr Hutton.*

5. That although some foolish people have supposed that the sea has been subsiding for centuries, yet, as we know that the continents are crumbling into the ocean, you will conclude that we shall at length find all our *dry* land under *water*, and the sea increased in proportion to the square feet of earth deposited under its surface.

6. That it is evident that this central heat, having raised its continents, and put proper supporters under them, will go to work in due time, and raise new continents from the bottom of the ocean. Thus the area of Dr Hutton's centre will be enlarged, till the earth and moon will come in contact, if our plan hereafter mentioned should not check such progression. But we forbear, lest when it is ascertained that "the present continents are all going to decay and their materials descending into the ocean," it may cause some disagreeable sensations among our friends, who are speculators in American lands, whose property, it seems, according to Dr Hutton's theory, is about to take French leave of its worthy proprietors.

* And therefore the writer of the article "*Earth*," in the Encyclopedia Britannica, is wrong in attempting to overturn this fine fabric of philosophy, by making it appear that metals, minerals, fossils, &c. are continually forming by accretion, &c. on the earth's surface. Indeed, that writer has laid a heavy hand on all the theories of our modern earthmongers.

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Thus give an unexpected vent
To Hutton's fires in prison pent.

We 'll fan his furnace by a pair
Of bellows made of Franklin's air,*
For air, (a truth Count Rumford knew well,)
Contains the very soul of fuel.

When you have thoroughly *saturated* your faculties with this theory, we will oblige you with a fresh *solution* from Dr Darwin, compounded as follows:

"The variation of the compass can only be accounted for by supposing the central parts of the earth to consist of a fluid mass, and that part of this fluid is iron, which requiring a greater degree of heat to bring it into fusion than glass or other metals, remains a solid ore. The vis inertiæ of this fluid mass with the iron in it occasions it to perform fewer revolutions than the crust of solid earth over it; and thus it is gradually left behind, and the place where the floating iron resides, is pointed to by the direct or retrograde motion of the magnetic needle."

* Of bellows made of Franklin's air.

In the first paper of the third volume of Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, you will find certain "Conjectures concerning the formation of the earth," &c. in a letter from Dr B. Franklin, to the abbe Soulavie; which we would prescribe as *tonics* to Hutton's *system*. The American sage informs us, that in the course of some observations in Derbyshire, in England, he "imagined that the internal part (of the earth) might be a fluid more dense, and of greater specific gravity than any of the solids we are acquainted

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Then pour in suddenly the ocean
To add eclat to our explosion;—

with; which, therefore, might swim in or upon that fluid. Thus the surface of the globe would be a shell, capable of being broken and disordered by any violent movements of the fluid on which it rested. And as air has been compressed by art so as to be twice as dense as water, in which case, if such air and water could be contained in a strong glass vessel, the air would be seen to take the lowest place, and the water to float above and upon it;* and as we know not yet the degree of density to which air may be compressed; and M. Amontons calculated, that its density increasing as it approached the centre in the same proportion as above the surface, it would at the depth of — leagues be heavier than gold, possibly the dense fluid occupying the internal parts of the globe might be air compressed. And as the force of expansion in dense air, when heated, is in proportion to its density; this *central air might afford another agent to move the surface, as well as be of use in keeping alive the subterraneous fires;* though, as you observe, the sudden rarefication of water coming into contact with those fires may also be an agent sufficiently strong for that purpose, when acting between the incumbent earth and the fluid on which it rests.

"If one might indulge imagination in supposing how such a globe was formed, I should conceive, that all the elements in separate particles being originally mixed in confusion, and occupying a great space, they would, as soon as the Almighty fiat ordained gravity or the mutual attraction of certain parts and the mutual repulsion of other parts to exist, all move towards their common centre: That the air being a fluid whose parts repel each other, though drawn to the common

* I am afraid, after all, this would turn out but a bubble.

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Water, your worships know, or may know,
Adds terribly to a volcano.

centre by their gravity, would be densest towards the centre and rarer as more remote; consequently all matters lighter than the central part of that air and immersed in it, would recede from the centre and rise till they arrived at that region of the air which was of the same specific gravity with themselves, where they would rest; while other matter, mixed with the lighter air would descend, and the two meeting would form the shell of the first earth, leaving the upper atmosphere nearly clear.* The original movement of the parts towards their common centre, would naturally form a whirl there, which would continue in the turning of the new formed globe upon its axis, and the greatest diameter of the shell would be in its equator. If by any accident afterwards, the axis should be changed," [viz. by the impinging of a Buffon's comet's tail or the delivery of a Darwin's moon] "the *dense internal fluid by altering its form must burst the shell* and throw all its substance into the confusion in which we find it!" There's an air gun for your worships!

Now, if we did not possess a particular partiality for the sage who formed this system, we should probably break up his Eolian cave, even at the risk of creating half a hundred hurricanes. For should we open a vent as large as a needle's point into this magazine of compressed air, you would in-

* Now, if it should happen that the comparative levity of air consists in the repellant powers of its particles, and those bodies which have the greatest *cohesion* are most prone to gravitate, there "needs some conjuror to tell us," what should hinder bodies of greater specific gravity from *riddling down between those* particles of air. No man but Dr Franklin could have caught the fugitive air under the shell of the first earth, and pressed it till it became heavier than gold by a hurly-burly of elements "mixed in confusion."

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Each orifice will then give birth
To grand satellites of earth,
Disploded dreadfully, dear me!
Like Darwin's moon from southern sea.

How will the universe admire,
When my vast bickering globes of fire,
In grand Darwinian style shall rise,
Like flying mountains through the skies.

Though said sublime explosions must
Destroy good Doctor Burnet's crust,*

stantly be assailed by "*another guess whistling*"† than was the tempest tost Trojan fleet when

Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis.

* Destroy good doctor Burnet's crust.

We should be able to make much more rapid progress in our sublime flights of poetry, were we not under the necessity of dismounting from our Pegasus every ten paces, in order to give your worships a hoist, and thus enable your *ponderosities*, like Mr Pope's "slugs," to keep up with us. It is a thousand to one if any one of your college has ever heard of Dr Burnet, of earth-manufacturing memory. But it is absolutely necessary that you should know something of Dr Burnet's theory before you can comprehend the stanza to

† The "Monthly Reviewers" of our late edition of Tractoration, would have it that OURSELF was a Scotchman "frae the north," &c. Now here's a yankee phrase, merely to convince you that they were out in their conjectures.

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By Parker's cement we'll endeavor*
To make his shell as good as ever.

which this note has reference. You will, therefore, shut up this, my volume, and *per fas aut nefas* obtain possession of Dr Burnet's theory of the earth's formation; and when you have diligently drudged through that treatise, we will again take you in tow, and permit you to accompany us, but non passibus equis, till our muse salutes you with procul! O procul! &c.

* By Parker's cement we 'll endeavor.

A composition has been invented by a Mr Parker, which bids fair to become one of the most important discoveries which has signalized the present century. The gentleman has compounded a cement or mortar, which, by the mere action of the air, assumes in a week or two the durability and consistence of the hardest marble and the firmest stone, and may be applied to all the purposes to which the strongest grained freestone is usually applied. Bridges, aqueducts, houses, and we suppose pavements and roads, can be as well constructed of this material as of the ordinary matters used in their composition. The ornaments and articles usually made of marble can also be made of the same materials, as it admits of a high polish, is incalculably cheaper, just as durable, much lighter, and more easily worked. It is not unlikely, that the waters of the Croton may be brought to New York in pipes and aqueducts made of this article, as it would be so much more economical than if transported thither in a canal of masonry, besides that the new canal is impervious, never leaks, and consequently no expenses for repairing would be ever incurred. There is not an article used in household matters, or for public purposes that has formerly been made of stone, but admits of the sub-

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Now when we've made our batch of moons,
Philosophers, unless they're loons,
Will, though we're such a surly gnostic,
Name one of them "GREAT DOCTOR CAUSTIC!"

These, among many, are but few
Of mighty things that I could do;
All which I'll state, if 't is your pleasure,
Much more at large when more at leisure.

Now, it appears, from what I state here,
My plans for mending human nature
Entitle me to take the chair
From Rousseau, Godwin, or Voltaire.

They are of most immense *utility*;
All tend to man's perfectibility;
And if pursued, I dare to venture ye,
He'll be an angel in a century.

Although St Pierre, a knowing chap,
Deserves a feather in his cap

stitution of this cheaper and lighter article; and we learn that the corporation have inspected the manufacture, and are impressed with a proper sense of its importance and applicability to civic purposes. — *N. Y. Mirror.*

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For having boldly set his foot on
The foolish trash of Isaac Newton;*

Contrived a scheme, which very nice is,
For making tides of polar ices;
And fed old Ocean's tub with fountains,
From arctic and antarctic mountains.

* The foolish trash of Isaac Newton.

See *Studies of Nature*, by St Pierre, in which that scheming philosopher has, with wonderful adroitness, swept away the cobweb calculations of one Isaac Newton. Indeed, I never much admired the writings of the last mentioned gentleman, for the substantial reasons following.

In the first place, the inside of a man's noddle must be better furnished than that of St Pierre, or he will never be able to comprehend them.

Secondly, it would be impossible to manufacture a system, like that of St Pierre, accounting for the various phenomena of nature, in a *new* and *simple* method, if one were obliged to proceed, like Newton, in his *Principia*, in a dull, plodding, mathematical manner, and *prove*, or even render *probable*, the things he asserts. But by taking some facts for granted, without proof, omitting to mention such as militate against a favorite theory, we may, with great facility, erect a splendid edifice of "airy nothings," founded on hypotheses without foundation.

The said Isaac had taken it into his head that the earth's equatorial was longer than its polar diameter. This, he surmised from the circumstance of a pendulum vibrating slower near the equator than near the pole, and from finding that the centrifugal force of the earth would not fully account for the difference between the time of the vibrations at Cayenne and at Paris.

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Though Mister Godwin told us how
To make a clever sort of plough,*

This, with other reasons equally plausible, led him to suppose that the earth was flattened near the poles, in the form of an oblate spheroid, and that a degree of latitude would, of consequence, be greater near the pole than at the equator. Actual admeasurement coincided with that conclusion.

The abbe St Pierre, however, possessing a most laudable ambition to manufacture tides from polar ices, and thus to overturn Sir Isaac's theory relative to the moon's influence in producing those phenomena, and finding it somewhat convenient for that purpose to place his poles at a greater distance from the centre of gravity than the equator, accordingly took that liberty. He likewise had another substantial reason therefor. Unless his polar diameter was longer than his equatorial, the tides, being caused by the fusion of polar ices, must flow up hill.

He therefore drew a beautiful diagram with which a triangle would (according to the scheme of the author of *The Loves of the Triangles*, improved from Dr Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*) certainly fall in love at first sight. (See page xxxiv. Pref. *Studies of Nature.*) In displaying his geometrical skill in this diagram, however, he took care to forget that there was some little difference between an *oblong* and an *oblate* spheroid. — That flattening the earth's surface, either in a direction perpendicular or parallel to the poles, would *increase* the length of a degree of latitude by *decreasing* the earth's convexity. That neither an oblate, nor an oblong spheroid was quite so *spherical* as a perfect *sphere*. This was very proper, because such facts would have been conclusive against his new Theory of the Tides.

* To make a clever sort of plough.

If you wish, gentlemen, to know anything further relative to this instinctive plough, you will take the trouble to consult

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Which would e'en set itself to work,
And plough an acre in a jerk.

Though Price's projects are so clever,
They show us how to live for ever*
Unless we blunder, to our cost,
And break our heads against a post!

Though Darwin, thinking to dismay us,
Made dreadful clattering in chaos,

Mr Godwin's *Political Justice*, in which you will find almost as many sublime and *practicable* schemes for meliorating the condition of man, as in this very erudite work of my own. Let it not be inferred from my not enlarging upon the present and other schemes of this philosopher, that I would regard him as one whit inferior to any other *modern* philosopher existing, not even excepting his friend Holcroft; but the necessity of expatiating on the redundancy of Mr Godwin's merits, is totally precluded by the unbounded fame which his *chaste* productions have at length acquired among the *virtuous* and *respectable* classes in community.

* They show us how to live for ever.

The learned Dr Price, in his *Tracts on Civil Liberty*, assures us that such sublime discoveries will be hereafter made by men of science (meaning such as Dr Caustic) that it will be possible to cure the disease of old age, give man a perpetual sublunary existence, and introduce the millenium, by natural causes.

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And form'd, with horrid quakes t' assist him,
His new *exploded* solar system.*

* His new *exploded* solar system.

"Through all the realms the kindling ether runs,
And the mass starts into a million suns;
Earths round each sun with quick explosions burst,
And second planets issue from the first;
Bend, as they journey with projectile force,
In bright ellipses their reluctant course;
Orbs wheel in orbs, round centres centres roll,
And form, self-balanced one revolving whole."

Botanic Garden, Canto i.

This sublime philosopher has been most atrociously squibbed in the following performance, which I can assure you, gentlemen, is not mine; and, if I could meet with the author, I would teach him better than to bespatter my favorite with the filth of his obloquy.

"Lines on a certain philosopher, who maintains that all continents and islands were thrown from the sea by volcanoes; and that all animal life originally sprung from the exuviæ of fishes. His family arms are three scallop shells, and his motto, "Omnia e Conchis."

"From atoms in confusion hurl'd,
Old Epicurus built a world;—
Maintain'd that all was accidental,
Whether corporeal powers, or mental;
That feet were not devised for walking,
For eating, teeth; nor tongues for talking;
But CHANCE, the casual texture made,
And thus each member found its trade.
And in this hodge podge of stark nonsense,
He buried virtue, truth and conscience—

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Though Volney, having in his *view*,
First peer'd our continent through and through,*

Darwin at last resolves to list
Under this grand cosmogonist.
He, too, renounces his Creator,
And solves all sense from senseless matter;
Makes men start up from dead fish bones,
As old Deucalion did from stones;
Forms mortals quick as eyes could twinkle,
From lobster, crab, and periwinkle—
Oh Doctor! Change thy foolish motto,
Or keep it for some lady's grotto:
Else thy poor patients well may quake,
If thou canst no more mend than make."

* First peer'd our continent through and through.

Citizen Volney made a very curious, simple, and convenient division of the "Interior Structure" of North America, from certain specimens of mineral substances, collected by this industrious pedestrian in a tour of observation through the United States. Notwithstanding the immense extent of territory which has come under citizen Volney's cognizance, and the short time which he did us the honor to reside and peregrinate among us, we find that he was able to parcel our continent into different interior departments, with as much precision as Buonaparte showed in marking the different provinces of his empire. He gives us "The granite region, the grit or sandstone region, the calcareous or limestone region," &c. &c.

Now this division is the more ingenious, because it possesses no foundation in nature; and therefore shows a wonderful invention in its author. It happens, luckily for this fine theory, that granite is found in wonderful abundance in

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Left us a specimen of the quality
Of *graduated* French morality.*

the limestone region, and that throughout the continent, in defiance of Mr Volney, we find that nature has jumbled all his "regions" together. Nature, having made some confusion in this way, has the more need of the assistance of modern philosophy to aid her defective operations.

* Of *graduated* French morality.

This gentleman published in America a small pamphlet, entitled, The Law of Nature, or Principles or Morality, deduced from the Physical Constitution of Mankind and the Universe. In this he tells us, "It is high time to prove that morality is a physical and *geometrical* science, and as such, susceptible, like the rest, of calculation and mathematical demonstration.

My friend, doctor Timothy Triangle, is much such another philosopher; but has surpassed the Frenchman in the extent of his views, and made systems which were entirely out of the reach of Mr Volney's intellect. Among others, was *a scale of national character*. By this, the latitude and longitude of a place being given, and a sort of tare and tret allowance made for adventitious circumstances, he could ascertain the character of its inhabitants. The latitude of Paris, he affirmed, was that of perfectibility made perfect, and most lucidly manifested in the person of the *Liberty-loving* Emperor. Rise to the equator, or recede to the pole from that parallel, and human nature dwindles in arithmetical progression.

This gentleman was a great admirer of the principles of the French revolution, and made out, mathematically, how much blood, horror, and devastation would be necessary to give that predominance to France and French principles, which would terminate in philosophy's millennium.

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Though Priestley manufactured souls,
For which we had him o'er the coals,
A thing we had forgot to mention,
For making use of *our* invention.

Buffon, with other wonders done,
A comet dash'd athwart the sun,
And, hitting off a flaming slice,
Our earth *created* in a trice.

These wights, when taken altogether,
Are but the shadow of a feather
Compared with Caustic, even as
A puff of hydrogenous gas.

Should you pronounce my systems *lax*
For want of some *astringent* facts,
I 'll knock you down, by my surprising
New method of philosophizing.

I first a fine new system form,
Which none can either sap or storm;

Dr Triangle likewise made *geometrical scales* of morality, which were not very essentially different from the principles of Volney. These scales were adapted accurately to the interest, feelings, passions, and prepossessions of the persons for whom they were intended, and so *elastic* that they would stretch to suit any case, and authorize any action which could be conceived or perpetrated.

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Then, to support my favorite plan,
I muster all the facts I can.

To make my theories defensible,
Whereas some facts are indispensable,
From east, west, north and south I rake 'em,
And when not ready made — I make them!!

Thus, for posterity's behoof,
We 've made our systems bullet proof:
Assailing us with ire red hot,
Is battering walls with pigeon shot.

But I, in spite of my renown,
Alas! am harrass'd, hunted down;
Completely damn'd, the simple fact is,
By PERKINS'S METALLIC PRACTICE!*

Our should-be wise and learn'd societies
Are guilty of great improprieties,
In treating me in manner scandalous,
As if I were a very Vandal; thus

* By PERKINS'S METALLIC PRACTICE.

Here comes the HYDRA, which you Herculean gentlemen are requested to destroy; but the means, by which this great end is to be accomplished, will be fully pointed out in the succeeding cantos.

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Determined, as I have no doubt,
My sun of genius to put out,
Which, once extinct, they think that so 't is
Their glow-worm lights may claim some notice.

Such hum-drum heads and hollow hearts
Pretend, forsooth, t' encourage arts!
But that pretence, in every sense is
The flimsiest of all pretences.

Those noble spirited Macenases
To me have shown the greatest meannesses;
Have granted me for these things said all,
Not one half-penny, nor a medal!!!

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CANTO II.

CONJURATIONS!

ARGUMENT.

The Bard proceeds like one that 's striving
To practise Arnall's art of diving;*
Presents sublime and strange narrations
Of wizards, ghosts, and conjurations;
Next towers in Della Cruscan style
Above old Homer half a mile;
And flutters round in airy region,
Just like a wild goose or a pigeon;
Fired with the theme of Haygarth's praises
Until his rapture fairly *blazes;*
Then, in a duel, shows more prowess,
Than Vandal that e'er was or now is!

But I 'm a man so meek and humble,†
I don't allow myself to grumble,

* "Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull
Furious he drives precipitately dull:
Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the weight of gravitation blest."
Pope's Dunciad, Book iii.

† But I'm a man so meek and humble.

If your worships have ever read the Eneid of one Virgil (which though *possible* is not very *probable*, as physicians in

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Am loth your patience thus to batter,
Though *starving* is a *serious* matter.*

Another reason too, may 't please ye,
Why thus I dare presume to tease ye;
If you my wrongs should not redress,
We all must be in one sad mess!†

general rarely make themselves "mad," by "too much learning") you will perceive a *classical* beauty in the commencement of this canto, which would escape the observation of the "*ignobile vulgus*." As I wish, however, that you might be able to relish some of the most obvious beauties of this, my most exquisite poetical production, you will hire some schoolmaster to show you how happily we have imitated the "At regina gravi" of Virgil, and the "But now t' observe romantic method" of Butler.

* Though *starving* is a *serious* matter!

Many a worthy London alderman will most feelingly sigh a dolorous response to this pathetic complaint.

† We all must be in one sad mess.

The sound is here a most correct echo to the sense; like the

Βη δ' ακεων παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης,

of Homer; the

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,

of Virgil; the

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The credit of our craft is waning,
Then rouse at this my sad complaining;
For, though my fate now seem the rougher,
Still *you* as well as *I* must suffer.

Behold! a rising INSTITUTION,*
To spread Perkinean delusion;
Supported in their vile designs,
By doctors, quakers, dukes, divines.

Unless these villainous Perkineans
Are forthwith hurl'd to Nick's dominions,

Many a lusty thwack and bang,

of Butler;

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,

of Pope, &c. Indeed, gentlemen, I shall almost be tempted to pronounce that person a sorry sort of a simpleton, who does not see, or seem to see, the lengthened visage and hanging lip of our learned Esculapian Fraternity, depicted with the phiz-hitting pencil of a Hogarth, in these eight beautiful and appropriate monosyllables.

* Behold a rising INSTITUTION.

The builders of this second edition of the tower of Babel must be confounded; and that they will be, most certainly, provided the measures herein after recommended, be fully and manfully carried into effect. But as it may be safest to reconnoitre somewhat before we begin the attack, we will introduce you into the midst of the enemy's encampment, in an additional note at the end of our poem.

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Those wicked tractors, I 'm afraid,
Will overturn the doctor's trade.

And then, alas! your worships may
Be forced to moil the live long day,
With hammer, pickaxe, spade, or shovel,
And nightly tenant some old hovel.

Or, destitute of food and lodging,
Through dark and dirty lanes be dodging,
Unless t' avoid such dismal lurkings,
You put a powerful paw on PERKINS.

Behold what ought to raise your spleen high,
Perkins supported by Aldini!*
It must have been most sad, foul weather,
From Italy to blow him hither.

My wrath, indeed, is now so keen, I
Ev'n wish, for sake of that Aldini,

* Perkins supported by Aldini!

These two wonder-working wizards are said to effect their necromantic manœuvres by the application of similar principles to the animal machine. But the latter does not, in so great a degree, infringe on our privileges; for he *begins* where we *leave* off; that is, after the patient is *dead;* whereas Perkins, by his pretended easy and expeditious mode of curing those who ought to depend solely on "death and the doctor," is a more formidable foe to our profession. See additional note, No. 3.

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This *ink* were *poison* for the wizard,
This *pen* a *dagger* in his gizzard!

For he ('t is told in public papers)
Can make dead people cut droll capers;
And shuffling off death's iron trammels,
To kick and hop like dancing camels.

To raise a dead dog he was able,*
Though laid in quarters on a table,
And led him yelping, round the town,
With two legs up, and two legs down;†

* To raise a dead dog he was able.

"Dr Aldini, now in London, lately exhibited, at the house of Mr Hunter, some curious experiments on the body of a dog newly killed, by which the company then present were exceedingly astonished at the powers of *Galvanism*. The head of the animal was cut off. The head and the body were put beside each other on a table, previously rubbed with a solution of Ammonia. Two wires, communicating with the Galvanic trough, were then applied, the one in the ear, the other at the anus of the dead animal. No sooner had those applications been made, than both head and body were thrown into the most animated muscular motions. The body started up with a movement, by which it passed over the side of the table. The head equally moved, its lips and teeth grinning most violently!" Vide the *Morning Post* of January 6th, 1803.

† With two legs up, and two legs down.

Your worships will perceive that I have detailed some particulars relative to this famous experiment, which were

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And, in the presence of a posse
Of our great men, and ANDREOSSI,
He show'd *black art* of worse description,
Than e'er did conjuring Egyptian.

He cut a bullock's head I ween,
Sheer off, as if by guillotine;
Then (Satan aiding the adventure)
He made it *bellow* like a Stentor!*

omitted in the above statement from the *Morning Post*. But should any gentleman among you presume to intimate that I have stated one syllable which is not strictly and literally *true*, I shall embrace the fashionable mode of resenting the affront. I have two pistols in my garret. Let him who dares dispute Dr Caustic take his choice. Then, unless

"Pallas should come, in shape of rust,
And 'twixt the lock and hammer thrust
Her Gorgon shield, and make the cock
Stand stiff as 't were transform'd to stock,"

I will make it apparent that I am a man of honor, as well as veracity.

* He made it *bellow* like a Stentor!

"Some curious Galvanic experiments were made on Friday last, by professor Aldini, in doctor Pearson's lecture room. They were instituted in the presence of his excellency, the ambassador of France, general Andreossi, lord Pelham, the duke of Roxburgh, lord Castlereagh, lord Hervey, the Hon. Mr Upton, &c. The head of an ox, recently decapitated, exhibited astonishing effects; for the tongue being drawn out

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And this most comical magician
Will soon, in public exhibition,
Perform a feat he's often boasted,
And animate a dead pig —— *roasted.*

With powers of these Metallic Tractors,
He can revive dead malefactors;
And is reanimating daily,
Rogues that were hung *once*, at Old Bailey!*

by a hook fixed into it, on applying the exciters, in spite of the strength of the assistant, was retracted, so as to detach itself, by tearing itself from the hook; at the same time, a loud noise issued from the mouth, attended by violent contortions of the whole head and eyes." See *Morning Post* of February 16th, 1803.

* Rogues that were hung *once*, at Old Bailey!

"The body of Forster, who was executed on Monday last, for murder, was conveyed to a house not far distant, where it was subjected to the *Galvanic* process, by professor Aldini, under the inspection of Mr Keate, Mr Carpue, and several other professional gentlemen. M. Aldini, who is the nephew of the discoverer of this most interesting science, showed the eminent and superior powers of *Galvanism* to be far beyond any other stimulant in nature. On the first application of the process to the face, the jaw of the deceased criminal began to quiver; and the adjoining muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye was actually opened. In the subsequent part of the process, the *right hand was raised and* CLENCHED, and the legs and thighs were set in motion.

"It appeared to the uninformed part of the by-standers, as

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And sure I am, he 'll break the peace,
Unless secured by our police;
For such a chap, as you're alive,
Full many a felon will revive.

And as he can (no doubt of that)
Give rogues the *nine* lives of a cat;
Why then, to expiate their crimes,
These rogues must all be hung *nine* times.

What more enhances this offence is,
'T will ninefold government's expenses;
And such a load, in name of wonder,
Pray how can JOHNNY BULL stand under?

Then why not rise, and make a clatter,
And put a stop to all this matter—
Why don't you rouse, I say, in season,
And cut the wicked wizard's weasand?

if the wretched man was on the eve of being restored to life. This, however, was impossible; as several of his friends, who were near the scaffold, had violently pulled his legs, in order to put a more speedy termination to his sufferings." Vide the *Morning Post* of January 22, 1803.

It is to be hoped, in case this Mr Professor undertakes any future operations of this nature, that some more *choleric dead man* will not only clench his fist like Forster, but convince him, by dint of *pugilistic demonstration*, that he is not to disturb with impunity those who ought to be at "*rest from their labors.*"

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'T is true, alas! I 'm loth to say,
That you forsake the good old way,
And tread a path so very odd,
So unlike that your fathers trod.

With what delight the poet fancies
He sees their worships plague old FRANCIS;*

* He sees their worships plague old FRANCIS.

Dr FRANCIS ANTHONY. The author of the *Biographia Britannica* relates a pitiful tale respecting the persecutions suffered by this obstinate old schismatic. "He was," says that writer, "a very learned physician and chemist, the son of an eminent goldsmith in London. Was born April 16th, 1550. In 1569, he was sent to the university of Cambridge; in 1574, took the degree of A. M. &c. &c. He began soon after his arrival (in London) to publish to the world the effects of his chemical studies. But not having taken the necessary precaution of addressing himself to the College of Physicians for their license, he fell under their displeasure; and being some time in the year 1600 summoned before the president and censors, he *confessed* that he had practised physic in London for six months, and *had cured twenty persons or more of several diseases.*" [A most atrocious crime! I trust very few if any of your worships would be justified in *confessing* or *pleading guilty* to a similar indictment.] "About one month after, he was committed to the Counter prison, and fined in the sum of five pounds *propter illicitam praxim*—that is, for prescribing against the statutes of the college: but upon his application to the chief justice, he was set at liberty, which gave so great an umbrage, that the president and one of the censors waited on the chief justice

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While he, sad wight, wo-worn and pale,
Is dragg'd about from jail to jail!

For he was such a stubborn dragon,
He would not down and worship Dagon;
That is to say, would not acknowledge
Supremacy of your great college!

And what was worse, if worse could be,
And raised their ire to such degree,

to request his favor in preserving the college privileges: upon which Anthony submitted and promised to pay his fine, and was forbidden practice. He was soon after accused again for practising physic, and upon his own confession was fined another five pounds, which fine, on his refusing to pay, was increased to twenty pounds, and he was sentenced to be committed to prison till he had paid it. Nor was the college satisfied with this, but commenced a suit at law against him, in the name of the queen and college, in which they prevailed, and had judgment against him. It appears that the learned society thought him ignorant; but there were others of a different opinion, since, after all these censures, and being tossed about from prison to prison, he became doctor of physic in our own universities!"

This is the substance of the proceedings of our ancestors against the arch-heretic; from which we learn the absolute necessity of a still more rigorous prosecution of those disturbers of society, who have the impudence to *cure* their patients without YOUR LICENSE. Had this old fellow been hung, or "burnt off," as he deserved, the business would have been finished at once, and none would afterwards have dared ever to call in question your supremacy!

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That they to Tyburn swore they 'd cart him;
He *cured* folks "*non secundum artem.*"

His patients *saved*, from mere compassion,
Though *killing* was the most in fashion!
Then well your father's ire might burn as
Hot as the famed Chaldean furnace!

Thus, when the heretic Waldenses,
With their co-working Albigenses,
Found, what they thought they might rely on,
A nearer way to go to Zion,

Those saints who trod the beaten path,
Were fill'd so full of godly wrath,
They burnt them *off*, nor thought it cruel,
As one would burn a load of fuel!

These things I note, to bring to view
Some noble precedents for you:
The chapter needs not any comment;
Then pray don't hesitate a moment.

But, hark! what means that moaning sound!
That thunder rumbling under ground!
What mean those blue sulphureous flashes,
That make us all turn pale as ashes!

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Why in the air this dreadful drumming,
As though the devil himself were coming,
Provoked by magical impostors,
To carry off a doctor Faustus!

Why scream the bats! why hoot the owls!
While Darwin's midnight bull-dog howls!*
Say, what portends this mighty rumpus,
To fright our senses out of compass!

'T is Radcliffe's sullen sprite now rising,†
To warn you by a sight surprising,

* Why scream the bats! why hoot the owls!
While Darwin's midnight bull-dog howls!

A delectable imitation of Dr Darwin's delightful pair of lines —

"Shrill scream the famish'd bats and shivering owls,
And long and loud the dog of midnight howls.

To prevent any *post obit* disputes among those who may hereafter write comments on this sublime passage, I have thought it advisable to designate the *species* of the dog which howls so horridly on this great occasion.

† 'Tis Radcliffe's sullen sprite now rising.

This shows Pluto to be a god of correct calculation. Had he sent one of your water-gruel ghosts, it is a thousand to one if your worships would have paid the least deference to the mandates of his sooty highness.

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More solemn than a curtain lecture,
Or Monk-y Lewis' Spanish Spectre!*

Now, in a sort of moody mutter,
These awful sounds I hear him utter,
Which make my heart to beat and thwack it,
And burst the buttons off my jacket!

"'T is not from motives of endearment
That I have burst my marble cearment;

* Or Monk-y Lewis' Spanish Spectre!

I would have no impudent slanderer insinuate that I mean to bestow on the right honorable M. G. Lewis, M. P. any opprobrious epithet. No, gentlemen, I did not say *monkey*. The term which I use is an adjective, legitimately coined from the substantive MONK; and I affix it to this gentleman's name as an honorary appellation, to which he is entitled, for having written that celebrated romance called THE MONK. As to the *Spanish Spectre*, you will please to consult the romance aforesaid, and you will find a most horrible ballad, by which it appears that a certain Miss Imogene was carried off on her bridal night, if I mistake not, by the ghost of one Don Alonzo, to whom she had been betrothed, but proved false hearted. I would, however, caution against reading this doleful ditty by candle light, lest the story of

"The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And they sported his eyes and his temples about,"

might *sport* with the senses of the more timid reader.

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No; I 'm from Hades, in a hurry,
To make above ground one d—d flurry!*

"Arm'd, as the dread occasion urges,
With *Ate's* borrow'd snakes and scourges,
I come to rouse ye into action,
To crush the Perkinising faction.

"I tell you, these detested tractors,
The worst of Satan's manufactures,
Will set themselves to supersede us,
Will even blister, cup, and bleed us;

"And they 'll be used as diuretics,
Cathartics, anodynes, emetics,
And will *begin*, before they 're *done*,
To *tap* for dropsy, *cut* for stone.

* To make above ground one d—d flurry!

I earnestly request that the learned college will not do me the injustice to suppose that a man of my delicacy and refined feelings would *myself* utter any phrase like the above, which has so much the semblance of profanity. But as this personage, before he passed that fatal "bourne" (from which *one* "traveller" *has* "returned") had ever been accustomed, like most of our profession, to rhetorical flourishes of this kind, it must be expected that, on such an important occasion, he would express himself with all his wonted energy; and my veracity as a historian obliges me to give *verbatim* the speech which the sprite did in fact deliver.

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"The self-same metal, it is said,
With friar Bacon's brazen head,
Each point 's a more mysterious thing
Than Goodman Gyges' brazen ring.

"And they will mend a wooden leg
Much better than a walnut peg,
Will make a rogue a pair of ears,
Who 's had them clipp'd by Justice's shears.

"Make Hydra heads spring up, I ween,
For people shaved by guillotine;
Thus force our freedom loving neighbors
To recommence their humane labors.

"Why stand ye now, with stupid stare,
Hen-hearted cowards, as you are?
Arise! and quickly gird your might on,
And into battle then rush right on!

"Go! teach Perkineans their errors,
In tampering with the king of terrors!
Go! teach the varlets to defy
Our great and terrible ally!

No pusilanimous responses
That you 're not fond of broken sconces;

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Don't say to me, you 've no delight in
The dreadful, awful, trade of fighting.

"For you might chase them many a mile, and
E'en bid them, scampering, quit our island,
And still your carcases be strangers
To troublous toils, and desperate dangers.

"Appear in field, the battle 's won;
Your phizzes show — L—d how they 'll run!
But you 're like sheep, a sort of cattle,
That one can't well drive into battle.

"O could I but affairs contrive
To be for one half hour alive,
What flaming shafts of indignation
I 'd hurl at imps of Tractoration!

"I 'll batter ye with Pluto's bludgeon,
Unless to battle you now budge on,
And make more bluster with your train,
Than devils in a hurricane!

"I 'll drive ye down" — but dawning day
Bids bullying phantom hie away;
While horror makes each hair stand steadfast,
Like quill of hedgehog in our head fast!

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So stood the PREMIER of your nation,
When ROBSON bawl'd out "DEFALCATION!
Government's robb'd by wicked men,
And cannot pay NINETEEN POUNDS TEN"!!!*

So petrified stood bull and bear,
Of Stock Exchange, when the lord mayor,
With vile chagrin and terror quaking,
Found Hawkesbury's letter all a take-in.†

* And cannot pay NINETEEN POUNDS TEN"!!!

The terrible shock given not only to Mr Addington, but to the credit of the British nation, by this famous sally of that teasing, testy, querulous, alarming, honorable, cidevant member of the House of Commons, is undoubtedly fresh in the recollection of every person, who has the least smattering in parliamentary debates: and every true patriot and friend to the *peace* of——— our prime minister, will congratulate the country on the failure of Mr Robson's election, as well as that of his co-operator, Mr Jones, into the new parliament.

† Found Hawkesbury's letter all a take-in.

Now I know the man who cobbled up the famous humbug peace with France, which, in my opinion, was a manœuvre that did honor to its inventor. He tenants a garret adjacent to mine. But Dr Caustic is an honorable man, and twice the £5000 offered by the stock exchange, with the £500 by the lord mayor, for his apprehension, would not tempt him to expose the neck of his friend to the noose of justice. This I premise, that the Bow street officers may not misapply their time and talents in any futile attempts to wheedle or extort the secret.

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Now should you slight the dire monition
Of this ill boding apparition,
You truly will be well deserving
The dreadful destiny of starving!

O then, dread sirs, brimful of rage,
War! horrid war! is yours to wage,
To extirpate the deadly schism,
The heresy of Perkinism!

Pursue the steps that learned sage hath,
The most redoubted doctor HAYGARTH,
Who erst o'er Perkins's sconce at Bath,
Broke a whole gallipot of wrath!*

* Broke a whole gallipot of wrath!

I beseech you, gentlemen, to suspend your impatience relative to this wonderful achievement, till you have *soared* through a few stanzas. In the meantime, however, I wish that this my favorite hero, and burthen of my song, should stand high with your worships, and be the object of the humble admiration, not only of your honorable body, but of mankind in general: and I, myself, shall take the liberty to trample on all those, who dare call in question his infallibility. I have a knowledge of but few, who more deserve to be trodden upon on this occasion than the conductors of certain foreign literary journals, who, not aware of the inconceivable services which Dr H. has rendered the medical host by his ardent zeal against their common enemy, Perkinism, have expressed their sentiments of him, and his works, with

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Oh! could I sing Haygarth's *chef d'œuvre*,
That mighty magical manœuvre,

that indifference, which must have arisen from their want of knowledge of his achievements.

Among the most prominent of this junto should be mentioned the *Medical Repository*, at New York, conducted by professors Mitchell and Miller, of that place, the former of whom I understand is a representative in the Congress of the United States, an eminent physician, and the celebrated author of what is usually termed the "Mitchellian Theory of Contagion," alterations in the French Chemical Nomenclature, &c. The latter, I am told, is likewise a physician of great respectability.

Now that two such characters should presume to represent Dr H. as a man, whose "vanity is more conspicuous than his ability," is a circumstance which, while it excites my surprise, rouses my resentment. However, to accomplish their disgrace and his renown, I shall concisely state his magnanimous conduct to them, and their ungracious return.

Dr H. in great condescension to the poor wretches of the United States, who, through the ignorance and *inexperience* of their medical practitioners, were likely to be extirpated by the yellow fever, addressed them in an affectionate letter, and proclaimed the barbarity and unskilfulness of their physicians, in a very appropriate and becoming manner. He even kindly apprized the Academy of Medicine, at Philadelphia, that their proceedings and reasonings on the disease among them were "frivolous, inadequate, and groundless," and communicated many other facts equally useful and important.

Now, whether his statements were true or false, those foreigners ought to have been grateful to Dr H. for *honoring* them with the information. But on the contrary, they say that "a poison, which, in the city of New York, has de-

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That feat, thn which, you 'll own, if candid,
None greater ever mortal man did!

stroyed, within three months, the lives of more than twenty practitioners of medicine, well deserves to be traced and understood by the survivors." They even have the audacity to assert, that "American physicians and philosophers, who have viewed the rise and progress of pestilence, walked amidst it by day and by night, year after year, and endured its violence on their own persons, almost to the extinction of their lives," ought to be as competent judges of the cause and cure of the disease as Dr Haygarth, who has never seen a case of it.

After entering into a copious (about 20 pages) and what they seem to think a learned investigation of my great friend's theory and sentiments, they have dared to refute his reasoning, and turn it to ridicule.

These presumptuous writers finally close their unreasonable account of Dr Haygarth, in quotations from Dr Caldwell, who, it appears, is a fellow of the college of physicians of Philadelphia, and a very ungentleman-like *fellow* too, for he has also had the rashness to descant on some of the works of Dr Haygarth in terms following.

"Perhaps he (Dr Haygarth) may found the boldness of his pretensions as an author on the maturity of his years. Many writers less youthful are more modest; and it is to be lamented that grey hairs give no *infallible* earnest of either wisdom or liberality. We will not positively assert that he is not a man of profound erudition; but we have no reason whatever to convince us that he is. Perhaps he may pride himself on being a native of the same country which produced a Harvey, a Sydenham, a Cullen, and a Hunter. We entreat him to remember, that weeds may infest the same ground which has been overshadowed by the lordly adansonia, and that the same clime gives birth to the lion and the jackal." *Medical Repository*, vol. v. p. 333. Oh, fie! fie!

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But ere I "sweep the sounding lyre,"
Or tune Apollo's fiddle higher,
I'll steal (although it cost a halter)
A brand from Della Crusca's altar.

"O THOU!" who soar'dst to heights sublimer
Than e'er before attain'd by rhymer,
Till even my good friend Apollo
At distance gazed, but dared not follow,

"GENIUS OR MUSE," who had'st propensity
To seem to strive to stretch immensity,
Whose "*airy lays*," quoth Bell's fraternity,
Would last through more than one eternity,

(Although it seems, the deuce is in 't,
Those very lays are out of print,
A proof this age does not inherit
One ounce of true poetic spirit)

O come, and bring (delightful things)
A pair of Della Cruscan wings,
That we, by sublimated flight,
May "STEM THE CATARACT OF LIGHT."

Then condescend to be my crony,
And guide my wild Parnassian pony,

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Till our aerial cutter runs*
Athwart "A WILDERNESS OF SUNS!"†

* Till our aerial cutter runs.

My mode of commencing an airy tour, mounted, Muse and Co. on a poetical *pony*, which, by the way, is metamorphosed into a *cutter*, may, perhaps, be objected to by your fastidious critics, as a liberty even beyond a poet's licentiousness. But there is nothing which we men of *genius* more thoroughly detest than any attempt to fetter our faculties with the frigid rules of criticism. Besides, *sense* or *nonsense*, *poetry* or *gingling*, it is perfectly *Della Crusean*.

† "A WILDERNESS OF SUNS!"

This "proud" passage, together with "O THOU!"—"GENIUS OF MUSE!"—and "CATARACT OF LIGHT!"—are the legitimate offspring of that prince of poets, who rose to such a towering *pitch* of poetry,

> "That oft Hibernian optics bright
> *Beheld* him fairly *out of sight!*"

I should have been happy to have fascinated your worships with further specimens of the same sort of sublimity, could I have retained them in memory. I have been so solicitous for your gratification in this particular, that I have made a painful, though bootless search, throughout the metropolis and its suburbs, for these more than sybiline oracles. Indeed, I have reason to fear, that all Della Crusca's effusions are irretrievably lost, except the few fragments which I have here *pickled* for the behoof of posterity.

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But Gifford comes, with why and wherefore;*
And what the devil are you there for?
Then tells a tale about the town,
Contrived to lessen our renown.

Says, if we rise but one inch higher,
We set our hat and wig on fire;
And that he 'll bet us ten to one
We shall be scorch'd like Phaeton.

* But Gifford comes, with why and wherefore.

The admirers of your *polite* poetry can never sufficiently anathematize the author of the *Baviad and Mæviad* for extirpating, root and branch, a species of sentimental ditty, which might be scribbled, without the trouble of "sense to prose;" an object certainly of no small consequence with your *bon ton* readers and writers of rhyme. How could a *sentimental Ensign* or *love-lorn Lieutenant* be better employed than in sobbing over "Laura's tinkling trash," or weeping in concert with the "mad jangle of Matilda's lyre?" Besides, there ought to be *whipped syllabub* adapted to the palates of those who cannot relish "Burns' pure healthful nurture." Mr Gifford should be sensible, that reducing *poetry* to the standard of *common sense* is clipping the wings of genius. For example; there is no describing what sublime and Della Cruscan-like capers I should myself have been cutting in this "Wilderness of suns;" for I was about to prepare a nosegay of comets, and string the spheres like beads for a lady's necklace; but was not a little apprehensive lest Mr G. or some other malignant critic should persuade the public, that my effusions of fancy were little better than the rant of a bedlamite.

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Then I and Clio, as the case is,
Must now resume our former places;
But still, to *keep up* our renown,
We ride a "gairish sun-beam" *down!*

And now once more, in humble station,
We 'll jog along in plain narration;
And *tollutate* o'er turnpike path,*
To view the conjuring crew at Bath.

Behold! great Haygarth and his corps†
Of necromancers, just a score,

* And *tollutate* o'er turnpike path.

They rode, but authors having not
Determin'd whether pace or trot,
That is to say, whether *tollutation*,
As they do term't, or succussation.

Hudibras, Canto ii.

† Behold! great Haygarth and his corps.

I here wish to give a concise sketch of the doctor's necromantic process, so well calculated to give the tractors the kick out of Bath and Bristol, where they were rapidly making the most sacrilegious encroachments on the unpolluted shrine of our profession. I would recommend similar proceedings to every member of the college, and every worthy brother who is truly anxious to preserve the dignity and honor of the professional character. But would premise, that, when the like experiments are made, which, I trust, will be very generally by the whole profession, I would par-

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Enter the drear abodes of pain,
Like death of old and horrid train!

ticularly recommend that the doctor's prudence, in not admitting any of the friends of the tractors at the scene of action, should be strictly imitated; and also his discretion in choosing, as subjects for the experiment, the ignorant and miserable paupers of an infirmary, whose credulity will assist very much in operations of this sort. I also enjoin them to bear in mind his *hint*, "That if any person would repeat the experiment with *wooden* tractors, it should be done with due solemnity; during the process, the wonderful cures said to be performed by the tractors, should be particularly related. Without these *indispensable* aids, other trials will *not* prove so successful as those which are are here reported." *Haygarth's book*, page 4.

It can scarcely be necessary for me to hint to my discreet brethren, in addition, that should they try the *real* tractors afterwards (which, however, I rather advise them not to do at all) the whole of these aids of the mind are to be as strictly avoided. I had like to have forgotten to say, that the means used in the instance which follows to increase the solemnity of the scene, were a capital display of wigs, canes, stop-watches; and a still more solemn and terrific spectacle, about a score of the brethren. The very commencement serves to show how "*necessary*" was all this display to ensure the success of these *wooden* tractors.

"It was often *necessary* to play the part of a *necromancer*, to describe circles, squares, triangles, and half the figures in geometry, on the parts affected, with the small end of the (wooden) tractors. During all this time we conversed upon the discoveries of Franklin and Galvani, laying great stress on the power of metallic points attracting lightning, and conveying it to the earth harmless. To a more curious farce I

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He comes! he comes! good heaven defend us!
With magic rites, and things tremendous!

was never witness. We were almost afraid to look each other in the face, lest an involuntary smile should remove the mask from our countenances, and dispel the charm." *Haygarth's book*, page 16.

A very ingenious friend of Dr H. and the glorious cause in which he is engaged, has conceived an improvement on this process. While the above operation is going on, surely, the adroit necromancer would handle his *virgula divinitoria* with far greater effect, and himself appear much more in character, by using a suitable incantation. The following has, therefore, been proposed for the general use of the profession.

Hocus! pocus! up and down!
Draw the white right from the crown!
Hocus! pocus! at a loss!
Draw the brazen rod across!
Hocus! pocus! down and up!
Draw them both from foot to top!

Lest you should not have sufficient ingenuity to *comprehend* the *object* of Dr Haygarth, in producing these operations on the minds of those paupers, by the aid of such means as he employed, I must *try* to explain it. It was to induce an inference on the part of the public, that if, *by any means whatsoever*, effects can be produced on the mind of a poor bedridden patent, whether such effect be favorable or unfavorable (as the latter was often the case in Haygarth's experiments) *ergo*, Perkins's tractors *cure* diseases by acting on the mind also, whether on a human or brute subject. Should any person be so uncivil and unreasonable as to start the objection to this logic, that with the same propriety all medicines might

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With such as served the witch of Endor
To make the powers of hell surrender!

Now draws full many a magic circle;
Now stamps, and foams, and swears meherc'le!
As old Canidia used to mutter once,
Just as her demon gave her utterance!

Now tells each trembling bed-rid zany
Terrific tales of one Galvani;
How Franklin kept, to make folks wonder,
A warehouse full of bottled thunder!

Thus Shakspeare's Macbeth's wicked witches
Even carry'd matters to such pitches,
In hoity-toity midnight revel,
The old hags almost raised the devil!

And now our tragi-comic actors
Torment a pair of *wooden* tractors;
All which, with many things they more did,
In Haygarth's book you 'll find recorded.

also be supposed to produce their effects by an action on the mind, I particularly advise (provided such person be a noted coward) that you challenge him or her to a duel: but if, on the contrary, he or she be a terrible Mac Namara-like fellow, modestly reply that it was all a joke, and you hope there was no offence.

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Since doctor Haygarth, as we 've stated,
These points pernicious has prostrated,
Our college ought to canonize him;
Instead of that, the rogues despise him.

And there 's a certain doctor Caldwell
May calculate on being maul'd well,
Unless, since he 's presumed to flout him,
He *unsays* all he 's *said* about him.

What right could he have to berate his
Opinions, which were given *gratis*,
Or state a plausible objection
Against his doctrine of infection?

O *man* of *mineral putrefaction*,*
In spite of imps of fell detraction,
We greet thee on our bended knees
Great Britain's great Hippocrates.

* O *man* of *mineral putrefaction.*

In the famous address to which we have before referred, we find a most remarkable discovery of the hero of our tale, relative to the origin of "*stench*," which alone would entitle our doctor to be numbered amongst the most profound of all philosophers, and which we shall give the world in his own words.

"It is too obvious to escape notice, that the stench arising from the hold of a ship proceeds from the putrefaction of substances which belong to all the three kingdoms of nature, vegetable, animal, and *mineral!!*"

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But if Haygarthian rites infernal
Should fail our foes to overturn all,
Seek ways and means to lay them level,
Without one conjurer, witch, or devil.

If you can find some one among
You, who don't value being hung,
Perhaps the readiest mode would be
To kill the conjuring patentee.

But still I have some hesitation
To recommend assassination;
Although I'm sure 't would not be cruel,
To pop off Perkins in a DUEL.

For this you 've precedents quite ample,
Full many a glorious example,
From Goths and Vandals, out of temper, or
A certain crazy Russian emperor.*

For if the conjurer were shot dead,
By some rude harum-scarum hot-head;

* A certain crazy Russian emperor.

Czar Paul, emperor of all the Russias, &c. who had a very benevolent desire to settle the disputes, which agitated Europe, by virtue of tilt and tournament, among those potentates, whose quarrelsome dispositions so often set their subjects by the ears.

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Then might we quickly crush the flummery
Of tract'ring mischief-making mummery.

Perkins destroy'd, the INSTITUTION
Will be o'erwhelm'd in dire confusion;
And we shall easily be able
To overturn this modern Babel.

So, if a wolf should silent creep
T' attack by night a flock of sheep,
He 'd not attempt the whole together,
But first invade the old bell-wether.*

Let not the thought of Jack Ketch scare ye,
But at him like brave Mac Namara,
Avenge our wrongs in mode as summary
As he adopted with Montgomery.

† But first invade the old bell-wether.

This sublime simile, gentlemen, will meet the unequivocal approbation of those who are acquainted with the rustic manners and natural history of Kamtschatka. The leading wether of a flock of sheep is ever invested with a bell, pendent from his neck by a collar, not only as an honorary badge of distinction, but for the purpose of alarming the shepherd, in case of invasion by any of the merciless tenants of the forest. The wolf always makes it his first object to silence this jingler, that he may with the greater impunity destroy his fleecy companions.

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For if said Mac be crown'd with laurel,
Who kill'd a colonel in a quarrel
About two dogs, between two puppies,
Most mighty sirs, my trust and hope is,

That nobody will think it is hard
For us to shoot a conjuring wizard,
Since all allow, sans hesitation,
That we 've received vast provocation.

And if our champion 's full of fury,
When he kills Perkins, then the jury
(Provided they are made to fit him)
Will most assuredly acquit him.*

And when the foe is sent to Hades,
Our champion will please the ladies,
Because the pretty things delight in
The man who kills his man in fighting.

* Will most assuredly acquit him.

Why not, as well as acquit Capt. Mac, who evaded all harm, in consequence of his not permitting the "sun to go down on his wrath?" Mr Justice Grose, however, appears to me to have proved himself to have been a very gross justice, in telling the jury that the law does not recognise certain nice distinctions which are adopted by men of honor. If, however, his assertion be true, it is proper that there should be an act of parliament passed immediately, giving us GENTLEMEN the privilege of killing each other, which would save government the expense of hemp, hangmen, &c.

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CANTO III.

MANIFESTO.

ARGUMENT.

The poet now, with Discord's clarion
Preludes the war we mean to carry on;
And sends abroad a PROCLAMATION
Against Perkinean conjuration;
Proves that we ought to hang the tractors,
On gibbet high, like malefactors,
And with them that pestiferous corps,
Who keep alive the paltry poor;
By reasons sound, as e'er were taken,
From Aristotle, Locke, or Bacon.

But if you cannot find some one
As bold as Attila the Hunn,
T' attack the conjuring tractoring noddy,
And fairly bore him through the body;

Collect a host of our profession,
With all their weapons in possession;
And *vi et armis*, then we 'll push on,
And crush Perkinean Institution.

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But first, in flaming MANIFESTO,
(To let John Bull and all the rest know,
Why we should on these fellows trample,
And make the rogues a sad example)

Say to the public all you can say,
Of magic spells, and necromancy;
That Perkins and his crew are wizards,
Conceal'd in sanctimonious vizards.

Say to the public all you can say,
Of wonder-working power of fancy:
Tell what *imagination's* force is
In crows and infants, dogs and horses:*

* In crows and infants, dogs and horses.

These are among the *patients* whose cures are attested in Perkins's publication, in which he has introduced them to show that his tractors do not cure by an influence on the *imagination*. The fallacy of any deductions, drawn from such cases, in favor of the tractors, will be apparent from the following most *learned* and *elaborate* investigation of the subject.

There are no animals in existence, I shall incontestably prove, that are more susceptible of impressions from imagination, than those above mentioned.

To begin with the *crow*. Strong mental faculties ever indicate a vivid imagination; and what being, except Minerva's beauty, the owl, is more renowned for such faculties than the crow? — Who does not know that he will smell gunpowder three miles, if it be in a gun, and he *imagine* it be intended

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Tell how their minds — but here you old men
May trust the younkers under Coleman;

for his destruction? These emblems of sagacity, besides "fetching and carrying like a spaniel," and talking as well or better than colonel Kelly's parrot (which by the by I suspect to have been a crow) are, as Edwards assures us in his *Natural History*, "the planters of all sorts of wood and trees." "I observed," says he, "a great quantity of crows very busy at their work. I went out of my way on purpose to view their labor, and I found they were planting a grove of oaks." Vol. v. Pref. xxxv.

These *geniuses* always can tell, and always have told, since the days of Virgil, the approach of rain. That poet says,

"Tum *cornix* plena pluviam vocat improba voce."

They can likewise tell when bad news is approaching, as we learn from the same writer,

"Sæpe sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice *cornix*."

Now I beg leave to know what mortal can do more? and to suppose a crow not blessed with those more brilliant parts, under which *imagination* is classed, is to do them a singular injustice, which I shall certainly resent on every occasion.

Now as to *infants*. Whoever has been in the way of an acquaintance with some of the more musical sort of these little gentry (like my seven last darlings for instance) and has been serenaded with the dulcet sonatas of their warbling strains, will not be disposed to deny their powers on the imagination of *others*. I have known the delusion practised so effectually by these young conjurers, that I have myself *imagined* my head was actually aching most violently, even on the point of cracking open; but on going beyond the

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For graduates at horses' college,
Most certainly are men of knowledge!

reach of their magic spell, that is, out of hearing, my head has been as free from pain as it necessarily must be at this moment, while I am penning this lucid performance. Now, I maintain it to be most unphilosophical, and totally opposite to certain new principles in ethics, which I shall establish in a future publication, to suppose that infants should be able to impart either pleasure or pain, by operating on the imagination, and not themselves possess a large share of that imagination, by the aid of which they operate to so much effect upon others.

Next come *dogs*. Dr Shaw, in his *Zoology*, vol. i. p. 289, informs us, "that a dog belonging to a nobleman of the Medici family always attended his master's table, changed the plates for him, carried him his wine in a glass placed on a salver, without spilling the *smallest* drop." The celebrated Leibnitz mentions another, a *subject* of the elector of Saxony, *who* could discourse in an "intelligible manner," especially on "tea, coffee, and chocolate;" whether in Greek, Latin, German, or English, however, he has not stated; but Dr Shaw, alluding to the same dog, says, undoubtedly under the influence of prejudice, "he was somewhat of a truant, and did not willingly exert his talents, being rather pressed into the service of literature."

Indeed, our greatest naturalists assure us, that this animal is far before the human species in every ennobling quality. Buffon makes man a very devil compared with the dog; and had he come directly to the point, I presume he would have told us that the dog is one link above man in the great chain from the fossil to the angel. "Without the dog," says Buffon, "how could man have been able to tame and reduce other animals into slavery? To serve his own safety, it was

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That though imagination *cures*,
With aid of pair of patent skewers,

necessary to make friends among those animals whom he found capable of attachment. *The fruit of associating with the dog* was the conquest and *the peaceable possession of the earth.* The dog will always preserve his empire. He reigns at the head of a flock, and makes himself *better* understood than the voice of the shepherd" (well he might, for it appears he is more knowing, more powerful, and more just.) "Safety, order, and discipline, are the fruits of his vigilance and activity. They are a people submitted to his management, whom he conducts and protects, and against whom he never employs force but for the preservation of peace and good order." *Barr's Buffon*, vol. v. p. 302.

It is to me somewhat remarkable that *theorizing* Frenchmen, many of whose discoveries are scarcely less important than my own, cannot make them apply in such a manner as to effect some *practical good* in society. Buffon discovered that a dog was a species of demi-god, and appears on the point of worshipping this great Anubis of the Egyptians. Voltaire tells us, that Frenchmen are half monkey and half tiger, and everybody knows that the one is insufferably mischievous, and the other infinitely ferocious. Now it is surprising that these philosophers could not contrive to improve the breed by a little of the *canine* blood. Indeed, I should advise them to import some of our Bond street male *puppies*, to be paired with French female *monkeys*, and I will venture to assert that there will be very little of the *tiger* perceivable in their offspring. And since a dog, as Buffon says, "reigns with so much dignity at the head of a flock, will always preserve his empire, *never employs force but for the preservation of peace and good order*," and is endowed with so many other great qualifications, which seem to denote him to be a

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Still such relief cannot be *real*,
For pain itself is all *ideal*.*

proper personage to wield the sceptre of dominion, I would seriously advise the abbe Sieyes, when he frames his 999th Constitution for the *free* French Republic (which it is said he has already begun to manufacture) so to organize the executive branch, that at least one of the consuls should be a true blooded English bull-dog.

After the ample proof I have now given of the infinite superiority of the dog to man, when his merits are fairly estimated, which it is very difficult for us, being interested, to do without prejudice, I shall take it for granted, that he must possess all the brilliancy even of a poet's imagination, and therefore that he is far *more* likely to be cured by imagination than man.

It now remains to speak of *horses*, and these (not to mention the Bucephalus of Alexander, or the Pegasus of doctor Caustic) I shall show, in a very few words, can boast of performances and qualifications, to which a lively fancy in the comparison is but as the wit of an oyster to the wisdom

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* For pain itself is all *ideal*.

So said the learned bishop Berkley, in a scientific treatise called *Principles of Human Knowledge*, in which his reverence makes it apparent, to those who have a clue to his metaphysical labyrinth, that there is no such thing as matter, entity, or sensation, distinct from the mind which perceives, or thinks it perceives, such ideas or substances. The bishop's authority being so pat in point, I cannot but admire that it has not more frequently been adduced in opposition to the tractors.

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Say that friend Davy, when he was
Inspired with his oraculous gas,
Utter'd this solemn truth, that nought
E'er had existence, only *thought!*

of a philosopher. One of the most scientific nations that ever existed, renowned alike for its refinements in the arts, and prowess in war, has been compelled to yield the palm to the superior attainments of a horse, and acknowledge its inability to achieve what he most readily effected. Ten long years was the whole power of Greece engaged in an ineffectual siege of far-famed Troy. The bravest of armies, commanded by heroes allied to the gods, assailed the foe in vain. At this disheartening period stepped forth a *wooden* horse, and promised a victory, provided his plans were adopted. Aware of the horse's *great capacity*, which enabled him to *comprehend* a great number of *subjects*, the sagacious Greeks *entered into* his measures, and Troy was levelled in the dust.

If all this could have been accomplished by a *wooden* horse, none but a Perkinite will be so absurd as to pretend that one composed of *flesh and blood*, like man, does no enjoy far greater privileges, among which are those of receiving as many cures by the influence of imagination as he pleases.

Now then, gentlemen, I trust that if any man will con over, digest, comprehend, and *admit* this my ingenious and learned exposition of the fallacy of the arguments in favor of the tractors, so much harped upon by our adversaries, which are drawn from the circumstance of their having cured crows and infants, dogs and horses, he will with great facility be enabled to confound and overthrow them on all occasions, provided he enforce and proclaim it with the ardency its importance deserves.

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What though they say, why to be sure,
If we by Fancy's aid can CURE,
Then why not use imagination,
A *cheap* and *simple* operation?

SAY NATURE THROUGH HER WORKS INTENDS
ALL THINGS TO ANSWER SOME GREAT ENDS:
THUS SHE FORM'D DRUGS TO PURGE AND SHAKE,
THEN MAN, OF COURSE OF THOSE DRUGS TO TAKE.*

* THEN MAN, OF COURSE, THOSE DRUGS TO TAKE.

This CAPITAL argument, that it might make a CAPITAL figure, I have ordered my printer to put in CAPITAL letters, and I hope it will make a CAPITAL impression on your worshipful intellects. But still I have not given it half that pre-eminence which its importance claims, under existing circumstances. A great hue and cry has been raised by the Perkinites, by which some of the less penetrating part of the profession have been awed into silence, respecting the *duty* of medical practitioners. They say that it is the duty of a medical man to employ only such means as will cure his patient in the most *safe*, *cheap*, and *expeditious* manner. This infamous pretension takes its origin from no other person than Perkins himself. That you may individually be aware of the effrontery with which it is brought forward, I shall, in this note, copy from Perkins's book his manner of treating the subject. Your worships will form some idea of the magnitude of this objection of our adversaries, in their own estimation, and the mischief it has already occasioned, not only in Great Britain, but abroad, when I inform you that it has been echoed in both the English and foreign journals, and in many of them treated as a complete refuta-

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That learn'd physicians pine with hunger,*
The while a spruce young patent-monger

tion of the arguments of Dr Haygarth, and of all who object against the tractors, on account of their *curing* diseases merely by operating on the imagination. Among other foreign publications, I observe that the 21st volume of the *Bibliotheque Britannique*, printed at Geneva, closes a long

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* That learn'd physicians pine with hunger.

No man who possesses a *heart*, certainly none who possesses *bowels*, can view us reduced to this deplorable condition, and hear this pathetic appeal, without the sincerest commiseration. The eminent services that our profession have rendered mankind, in contributing to avert some of the greatest curses that ever befel the civilized part of the world, are too well known, and have been too frequently acknowledged to be forgotten, ungratefully, in the day of our adversity. The testimony to this effect of the judicious, the humane Addison, ought often to be brought before the public eye.

"We may lay it down as a maxim," says that intelligent writer, "that when a nation abounds with physicians it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is very much puzzled to find out a reason why the northern hive, as he calls it, does not send such prodigious swarms, and overrun the world with Goths and Vandals, as it did formerly: but had that excellent author observed that there were no students in physic among the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science very much flourishes in the north at present, he might have found a better solution for this difficulty than any of those he has made use of." *Spectator*, No. 21.

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Contrives to wheedle simple ninnies,
And *tractorize* away *our* guineas.

account (40 pages) of "*Perkinisme*" with this "petite histoire de Mr Perkins."

"A gentleman came from the country to London, for the advantage of medical assistance, in a complaint of peculiar obstinacy and distress. After being under the care of an eminent physician several weeks, and paying him upwards of thirty guineas, without any relief, he was induced to try the tractors. To be short, they performed a remarkable cure; the person was perfectly restored in about ten days. The physician, calling soon after, was informed of the circumstance. He began lamenting that so sensible a person as the patient should be caught in the use of so contemptible a piece of quackery as the tractors. After assuring the patient that he had thrown away his five guineas, for that it was well established by Dr Haygarth, that a brick-bat, tobacco-pipe, goose-quill, or even the bare finger, would perform the same cures, he was interrupted by his patient: 'And are you sincere in your belief that you could have produced, by those means, the same effects upon me, which I have experienced from the tractors?' 'Do I believe it? Ay, I know it; and that a thousand similar cures might be effected by means equally simple and ridiculous.' 'And sir,' interrupted the gentleman again, in a more stern and serious tone, 'why did you not cure me then, by those *simple* means? Remember I have paid you thirty guineas, under the supposition that you were exerting your utmost endeavors to cure me, and that in the most safe, cheap, and expeditious manner. You now, in substance, acknowledge, that, although in possession of the means of restoring me to health, for the dishonorable purpose of picking my pocket, you continued me upon the bed of sickness! Who turns out to be the impos-

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That many thousand cures attested
Show death's cold hand full oft arrested;
But those who from his prey would part him,
Should manage things *secundum artem*.

tor? Let your own conscience answer.' The justness of the retort, it will be easily believed, precluded the possibility of an exculpation." *Perkins's New Cases*, p. 145.

Had I been the physician, however, I would have rejoined with arguments, not dissimilar to that which is so beautifully expressed in the above stanza. I would have told him that the Author of nature most certainly would not have created either a poisonous or salubrious vegetable, without intending that it should "dose and double dose" his creature man.

Should it be objected that the tractors being also *created* substances ought also to be used, I could ingenuously retort, they were created in America, a country whose natives are Indians, an inferior order of beings to man, as some great philosophers before me have asserted, and who, it is evident, are the *only* order of creatures, on whom it was intended the tractors should be used.

I have no particular wish to injure Dr Jenner, or I should positively overturn him and all his adherents with my resistless arguments. If I were not willing that he should retain his popularity, I should make it appear that the small-pox was created with the intent of being universally propagated among the human race for the purpose of mortifying female vanity; and Jenner's attempt to extirpate it, by substituting the cow-pox, which ought to have been confined to the quadrupeds, among which it originated, as the tractors ought to have been to the Indians, is the extreme of presumption, and the height of iniquity. I cannot but conceive that our bishops and clergy are very remiss in not endeavoring to dissuade from such enormous, innovating practices.

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That none should ancient customs vary,
Nor *leges physicæ mutare*;
And thus, to gain a cure unlook'd for,
The patient *save*, but *starve* the doctor.*

That, though the Perkinistic fellows
May have the impudence to tell us,
That they can muster, on emergence,
Renown'd physicians, learned surgeons;

With many other men of merit,
Philanthropy and public spirit,
Not your self-puffing sons of vanity,
But real HOWARDS of humanity.

Say that those surgeons and physicians
Are but a conjuring set of rich ones,

* The patient *save*, but *starve* the doctor.

This would be abominable. Physicians, in general, are a hale hearty race of men, as, indeed, must be readily conceived from their prudent maxims in regard to the preservation of their *own* health:—they take no physic. No; they are too well acquainted with its tendency. Now, to starve so sturdy and powerful a body, when his majesty is in want of such subjects to check the ambitious strides of restless Buonaparte, as appears from the king's declaration of this day (May the 16th, 1803,) in preference to letting their miserable *patients* expire, whom Providence evidently intended should die off, is, I trust, too absurd and unreasonable an idea to be admitted.

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Who, having made their fortunes, therefore,
Have very little else to care for.

Since they 've no interest nor right in
The very cause for which they 're fighting,
Such non-commission'd volunteers,
In eye of law, are bucaniers.

And as by law a man may fire at,
At any time, a rascal pirate,
So we, with justice on our side,
May hang these rogues before they 're try'd.

Then draw a just, but black comparison,
Which, if they 've feelings left, will harass 'em,
'Twixt tractoring Perkinites, so smart,
And other dealers in the *black* art;

That is, the chimney-sweepers sooty,
Whose deeds, like Perkinites, are smutty;
But as they are *aspiring* geniuses,
Like Perkinites, they find Mecenases.*

* Like Perkinites, they find Mecenases.

The Perkineans have no cause to boast of the extent of their patronage, for the poor tawny reptile chimney-sweepers have of late interested the friends of humanity in their behalf quite as much. Your worships will derive from this circumstance a very pleasant source for *sneering* at our opponents, which I am sure you will *gladly* embrace, whenever opportunity presents.

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But chimney-sweepers and Perkineans
Are such a scurvy set of minions,
That not one rogue among them back'd is,
Except by knaves retired from practice.*

* Except by knaves retired from practice.

This, gentlemen, is a circumstance of no small moment, and which I trust you will see the necessity of looking at with some seriousness. Some of our profession have, to their eternal disgrace, since their retirement on their fortunes, deserted our cause, and are now to be found in the ranks of our enemies. These fellows have the presumption to suggest that their duty to the interests of the community supersedes that which they owe to their old brethren, the unreasonableness of which sentiment I conceive to be self-evident, and therefore shall not trouble myself to prove it. Several have even addressed to the Perkinean Institution communications in favor of the metallic tractors, for publication, three of which are already laid before the public. The first on this list is Mr Lyster, late of Dublin, who having been above twenty years senior surgeon of the Dublin hospital, retired to Bath, where he now seems even to take delight in benefitting the mean and miserable poor, to wanton injury of his own dear brethren. To show the extent of his malice, he has, in his communication to the Perkinean Society, introduced statements of remarkable cures by the tractors; among others one of total blindness of many years duration, in which all medical skill had previously failed; and, to wind up this tale of infamy, he has even ventured to censure, indirectly, my great champion, Dr Haygarth, and to hint that his proceedings were not accompanied with honorable intentions!

Next on this trio list are Mr Yatman, of Chelsea, and Dr

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That though certificates he dish up,
From surgeon, doctor, parson, bishop;

Fuller, of Upper Brook street; the conduct of both of whom is equally, if not more reprehensible than Lyster's. These two also call in the lame, the halt, and the blind, and, as if to spite their brethren who have drugs to sell, cure them with the tractors without fee or reward! Such conduct is so atrocious that if your worships should think proper to have them indicted, and Mr Erskine or Mr Garrow object to defend the cause of such clients, I, counsellor Caustic (remember I am LL. D.) will manage it for you, and, provided I can but get that same jury which decided that captain Macnamara was not accessory to the death of Col. Montgomery, I will procure the defendants to be sent to Botany Bay, or at least as far as Coventry.

To show the barbarity and wantonness of these two men, I will close this note by the following quotation from the letter of one of them, Dr Fuller, who, after a practice of nearly thirty years in medicine, and by which he has secured his own independence, seems how to amuse himself in undermining those of us who are still dependant. After a statement of a number of great cures by the tractors, and proving, by his own trials on infants, &c. that they do not act on imagination, which Dr Haygarth so laudably attempted to show, he proceeds:—"I derive much satisfaction in noticing among the more liberal and respectable part of my profession an increased favorable opinion of Perkinism, and a readiness to *allow* of its use among their patients, when proposed by *others*. To expect more than this, would be to expect more than human nature in its present state will admit. It must be an *extraordinary* exertion of virtue and humanity for a medical man, whose livelihood depends either on the sale of drugs, or on receiving a guinea for writing a prescription,

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From gentle, simple, yeomen, squires,
'Tis written, "*that all men are liars!*"

That grant his tractors cure diseases,
Folks ought to die just when God pleases;
But most of all the dirty poor,
Who make, quoth Darwin, good manure;*

which must relate to those drugs, to say to his patient, 'You had better purchase a pair of tractors to keep in your family; they will cure you without the expense of my attendance, or the danger of the common medical practice.' For very obvious reasons, medical men must *never* be expected to recommend the use of Perkinism. The tractors must trust for their patronage to the enlightened and philanthropic out of the profession, or to medical men retired from practice, and who know of no other *interest* than the luxury of relieving the distressed. And I do not despair of seeing the day, when but very few of this description as well as private families will be without them." If Dr Fuller were obliged to live in my garret one month, he would sing a different tune.

* Who make, quoth Darwin, good manure.

Besides the advantage of showing how reverently this great philosopher and philanthropist could speak of religion, I am sure I shall render an essential service to agriculturists, by adducing the following quotation. I bring it forward the more readily, as I find that the Board of Agriculture have been so negligent of the interest of that noble art, as not yet to have recommended the universal adoption of this measure.

"There should be no burial places in churches, or church-

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That when the Russians, logger-headed,
Were kill'd by Frenchmen, ever dreaded,
Darwin rejoiced the filthy creatures
Would serve for stock to make mosquitoes;*

yards, *where the monuments of departed sinners shoulder God's altar* and pollute his holy places with dead men's bones. But proper burial places should be consecrated out of towns, and divided into two compartments, the earth from one of which, saturated with animal decomposition, should be taken away once in ten or twenty years *for the purposes of agriculture*, and sand or clay, or less fertile soil brought into its place." *Darwin's Phytologia*, p. 242.

Here your worships will perceive that there is a prospect, if this advice is followed, that we may enjoy the privilege of *eating*, instead of *drinking* our friends, which would be something of an improvement on our idea, communicated in page 58.

* Would serve for stock to make mosquitoes.

Among other speculations also in the cause of humanity, bequeathed us by this *friend* of *man*, are the following, which will prove a great consolation to those who have foolishly supposed that the bloodshed and devastation, produced by war, were circumstances which ought to be lamented.

These remarks are published by Dr Darwin, as written under his own observations in the manuscript of his book, by a "*philosophical* friend," whom he left in his library. It is supposed, however, that the doctor wrote them himself. At least the sentiments have his sanction.

"It consoles me to find, as I contemplate the whole of organized nature, that it is not in the power of any one per-

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And also urges with propriety,
That war 's no evil in society;
But has a charming operation,
To check excess of population.

"Superfluous myriads from the earth
Are swept by pestilence and dearth;"*

sonage, whether statesman or hero, to produce by his ill employed activity, so much misery as might have been supposed. Thus, if a Russian army, in these insane times, after having endured a laborious march of many hundred miles, is destroyed by a French army, in defence of their republic, what has happened? Forty thousand human creatures, dragged from their homes and connexions, cease to exist, and have *manured* the *earth*; but the quantity of organized matter, of which they were composed, presently revives in the forms of millions of microscopic animals, vegetables, and insects, and afterwards of quadrupeds and men; *the sum of whose happiness is, perhaps, greater than that of the harrassed soldier, by whose destruction they have gained their existence!* Is not this a consoling idea to a mind of universal sympathy? I fear you will think me a misanthrope, but I assure you a contrary sensation dwells in my bosom; and though I commisserate the evils of all organized beings, "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*" *Phytologia*, p. 558.

* Are swept by pestilence and dearth.

Last words of Dr Darwin. I take no small credit to myself, for being one of the first to bring into notice the latest and the most sublime of this sublime philosopher's sublime specula-

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Which drive his philosophic plan on,
As well as blunderbuss or cannon;

That, in this world's great slaughter-house,
Not only sheep and calves and cows,

tions. The fountain from which this radiant stream of illumination flows is denominated, among booksellers, THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

To paint all the writer's conceptions of the mansion of that old lady, and her own most singular qualifications, would be a task even beyond the abilities of a Caustic. Mr Fuseli, however, has *painted* his *conceptions* on the occasion, which in one of his designs, appear, so far as I can comprehend him, to be simply these: — In his frontispiece to the work, he represents one beautiful lady pointing at, or rather fumbling about, (somewhat indecently, I must confess) a *middle* or *third* breast of another beautiful lady, whom I suppose to be Dame Nature;

Than which there 's nothing can be apter
To fill philosophers with rapture.

This *third* breast I take to be the painter's emblem of the discoveries of Dr Darwin — implying that their existence is as evident as that a woman has *three* breasts. But, not to digress; the doctor ascertains that

"Human progenies, if unrestrain'd,
By climate friended, and by food sustained
O'er seas and soils prolific hordes would spread
Ere long, and deluge their terraqueous bed.
But war and pestilence, disease and dearth
Sweep the superfluous myriads from the earth."

Temple of Nature, Canto iv.

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But "man erect, with thought elate,"
Must "*duck*" to death his stubborn pate;*

That in said butcher's shop, the weakest
Should always be kill'd off the quickest,
Because Dame Nature gave the strongest
The *right* and *power* to live the longest;

Some *un*philosophical theorists have foolishly supposed that this sweeping plan of Dr Darwin, which that philosopher appears to have introduced, lest "prolific hordes" should "deluge their terraqueous beds," might as well be deferred till a few of the "*superfluous*" acres on the earth's surface were reduced to a state of cultivation. I should advise to employ these supernumeraries in navigating polar ices within the tropics, as recommended by the doctor in the *Botanic Garden*, were I not apprehensive lest I should thereby in some measure, destroy the operation of Saint Pierre's tides. See note on page 70, Canto i.

* Must "*duck*" to death his stubborn pate.

More last words of Dr Darwin.

"The brow of man erect, with thought elate,
Ducks to the mandate of resistless fate."
Temple of Nature, Canto iv.

I have exhibited this couplet at all the assemblages of poetizing brethren in Grub street and St Giles's, not omitting the inhabitants of the "Wits' corner, at the Chapter coffee-house, the *elevated* tenants of the cider cellar in Maiden Lane, and Col. Hanger's knights of the round table," all of whom agree in acknowledging the elegance and correctness of the metaphor, and that its beauties are so transcendently exquisite, and beyond the ken of mortal eye, as to be perfectly incomprehensible.

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That since "to die is but to sleep,"*
And poor, diseased, are scabby sheep,
That none need care a single button
If we should make them all dead mutton;

That death is but a trivial thing,
Because a toadstool, or a king,
Will, after death, be sure to rise
In bats and bed-bugs, fleas and flies.†

* That since "to die is but to sleep."

"Long o'er the wrecks of lovely life they weep;
Then pleased reflect, to die is but to sleep."
Temple of Nature, Canto ii.

I suspect that my intimate friend and correspondent Buonaparte, is a full convert to Dr Darwin's doctrine of death and its consequences. For, when he declared to lord Whitworth his determination to invade England, although there were a hundred chances to one in *favor* of his going to the bottom, he was undoubtedly calculating on a comfortable nap after the fatigues of government.

† In bats and bed-bugs, fleas and flies.

"Thus, when a monarch or a mushroom dies,
Awhile extinct the organic matter lies;
But, as a few short hours or years revolve,
Alchymic powers the changing mass dissolve;
Born to new life unnumber'd insects pant," &c.
Temple of Nature, Canto iv.

It has been a matter of curious inquiry among some of my corresponding garreters, whether this philosopher him-

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Besides, they 'll make, when kill'd in fight,
Vast "monuments of past delight;"*
And that to *think* of is more pleasant,
Than such delight *enjoy'd* at present.

self, in the latter stages of his existence, enjoyed much consolation from reflecting that the "organic matter" which entered into his own composition, was about to be employed for the important purpose of giving "new life" to "innumbered insects."

* Vast "monuments of past delight."

"Thus the tall mountains, that emboss'd the lands,
Huge isles of rock, and continents of sands,
Whose dim extent eludes the inquiring sight,
ARE MIGHTY MONUMENTS OF PAST DELIGHT."

These "monuments of past delight," Darwin says,

"Rose from the wrecks of animal or herb."

Thus taught by this wondrous sage, I trust the friend to humanity will suppose it best to let the poor, infirm and decrepid die off as fast as possible, to "manure the earth," that the quantity of organized matter of which they were composed, may revive in the forms of millions of microscopic animals, vegetables and insects, make "monuments of past delight," &c. Therefore it is to be hoped, that the promoters of the Perkinean institution will prove as despicable in respect to numbers, as they are deficient in understanding, especially in comprehending the great and glorious truths of modern philosophy.

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Then no Darwinian philosopher,
His conduct can contrive to gloss over,
And make it with his tenets tally,
Unless he round our standard rally,

And join in strenuous endeavor
The wretch's thread of fate to sever,
That having met their final doom,
They may have rest, *we* — elbow room.*

* *They* may have rest, *we* — elbow room.

If your worships have not read Mr Malthus's Essay on the Principles of Population, I advise you to buy the book immediately, and set yourselves about something like an effort to comprehend its contents. You will there find, I cannot now recollect the page, that *population* has a tendency to increase in a *geometrical ratio*, but that *subsistence* must be limited to an *arithmetical ratio*. That the world would soon swarm with inhabitants in such a manner that in years of the greatest plenty we should be under the disagreeable necessity of turning *anthropophagi*, and, like the famous Pantagruel, eat pilgrims with our salad, were not the principle of population restrained by two *very useful predominant principles*, viz. "VICE and MISERY;" the former of which is happily exemplified in the extravagance and luxury of your worships, and the latter correctly expressed in the *poverty* of your worships' petitioner. You will likewise find in the same volume, *passim*, that after war, pestilence, and famine have laid waste a country, there is an immediate increase of births, in consequence of the principle of population being let loose to take its natural operation in replenishing the earth; or, in other words, because there is more *elbow room*

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Say that the deepest politicians
Will join their powers with us physicians;
Assist to overset the flummery
Of Perkins' mischief-making mummery,

Nor suffer tractoring rogues to cure
Such sordid shoals of paltry poor,
Of whom it truly may be said,
That they were ten times better dead.

For when the old Nick comes and fetches
Away the dirty set of wretches,
Times will improve, because, the fact is,
'T will lessen poor rates, worst of taxes.

Say that those wights of skill surprising
In science of economizing,
Who cook up most delicious farings,
From cheese rinds, and potato parings,

Will thank us when this paltry band
Are "kill'd off," to manure the land;

for the survivers. Now, this being correct reasoning, it must be wonderfully wrong to try to keep alive poor folks, who are a dead weight on population, destroy the means of subsistence, prevent early marriages, and, by keeping themselves above ground, stand in the way of their betters.

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And they will make, I ween, besides,
Morocco leather from their hides;

And so contrive that every coffin,
Which serves to lug a dead rogue off in,
Shall answer, if it be not made ill,
For living child, a clever cradle.

And though they say, on man and horse,
The tractors act with equal force;
Still some among us can get through it,
And swear old Satan helps him do it!

In proof of tractoring defection
Proclaim that wise and learn'd objection,
The famous argument, so handy,
About their *modus operandi*.

That a physician should neglect
To notice e'en a good *effect*,
Unless the *cause*, as he supposes,
Is nine times plainer than his nose is;

And though it may be urg'd by some,
That this grave reasoning 's all a hum,
Because the learn'd are in the dark
How opium, mercury, acts, and bark,

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To such reply you 'll make no answers,
For much I question if you can, sirs;
But rather for retort uncivil,
The poker take and lay them level.*

* The poker take and lay them level.

Please not imagine that I would be understood to recommend this "retort courteous" in the most unqualified sense, or that it be exercised on every occasion. On the contrary, the due performance of it will require no small degree of prudence and discretion. Indeed, I would have you use the *poker*, or any other violent and *weighty* arguments of this kind, only when your antagonist happens to be a woman, a child, or some debilitated and cowardly wretch who will submit without any chance of your meeting with unpleasant resistance.

As to the justice of this mode of response, there exists no doubt, and therefore dread no decisions *in foro conscientiæ*, because the extreme heinousness of your adversaries' provocation will appear from the following consideration. To deprive you of an argument, for which you have sacrificed everything dear to obtain, must, confessedly be regarded as a most outrageous proceeding. Now, this is exactly the case in the present instance; for in your attempt to show that medical men believe and trust in no medicine, the *modus operandi* of which they do not comprehend, you make a sacrifice of *truth*, *decency*, and *common sense*, the full reward of which sacrifice you ought to enjoy unmolested. That no man can explain how mercury poisons, bark cures an intermittent fever, or opium produces sleep, is confessed by every medical author; and that all these should be used in our practice, without any hesitation, I never heard any person deny, and for this proper and substantial reason; their

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From Haygarth, borrowing a rare hint,
Tell how these tractors, 't is apparent,
The most insidious thing in nature,
Will e'en *bewitch* the *operator!**

administration is *profitable* to the faculty. I have therefore to repeat, that when the Perkinites complain of your rejecting the use of tractors, because their *modus operandi* cannot be entirely explained, although you adopt the use of drugs, the operation of which is equally or more inexplicable, your sacrifice in support of your ground is so great, that whoever attempts to drive you from such ground deserves to be laid low with the first weapon that comes to hand.

* Will e'en *bewitch* the *operator*.

No part of the learned doctor's management, in the anti-Perkinistic cause, merits higher eulogy than this most *rational* explanation of that most *irrational* practice. So *cogently* does an innate principle of equity control me, that I am absolutely *coerced* to offer, at the shrine of the heroic doctor, my tributary dole of the incense of admiration, for having presented our profession such a powerful knock-me-down argument, wherewith to buffet the common enemy.

The sagacious doctor having published a scientific treatise against the tractors, demonstrating that "they act on the *patient's* imagination," Perkins, came out in reply, with all the fury of an Irish rebel, and declared that the doctor deserved to be trounced for not suffering his readers to know, that the tractors pretended to cure infants and brute animals, though numerous cases to that effect had then been published; and in that reply proclaimed that Dr H. purposely endeavored to suppress such facts, that he might, with greater facility, induce the public to swallow the deductions drawn

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Will break down reason's feeble fences,
And play the deuce with our five senses!

from his magical manœuvres in the Bath and Bristol hospitals. Now, admitting the doctor managed in this way, I am sure he was perfectly right in so doing. The *end* in view, according to established principles of *modern* morality, will ever justify the *means* taken to accomplish that end. In this case, the end in view was most important — nothing less than the downfal of Perkinism, and the consequent aggrandizement of our profession. Should any of our opponents be so captious as to assert, that such principles and such motives of action should not be encouraged in society — that they have a pernicious tendency, and other nonsense of that sort, I must take the liberty to refer them to the first consul of the French republic, whose conduct has ever been modelled according to the principles above stated, and who is certainly the most *powerful logician* of the age, perfectly able to confound those who shut their eyes against the light of conviction.

But to revert to the doctor's treatise, and Perkins's impudent replication. The man who could raise the very old gentleman himself, by the legitimate powers of necromancy, was not so easily defeated. Accordingly he returns to the charge in another edition — admits the existence of the numerous cases on infants, horses, &c. but lays them all level with the following unanswerable argument. — "The proselytes of Perkinism having been driven from every other argument, have, as a last resource, alleged that the patent metallic tractors have removed the disorders of infants and horses. Even this *flimsy* pretence is capable of a satisfactory refutation. In these cases it is not the *patient*, but the *observer*, who is deceived by his own imagination!!!" See *Haygarth's book*, page 40. *Mirabile dictu!*

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And acts a part, so very scurvy,
They turn a man's brains topsy turvy!

Will so bewilder and astound one,
They make a lame horse *seem* a sound one!
Appear, with but three legs to wag on,
A Pegasus, or flying dragon!!

Then quote his lady's ECCHYMOSIS,*
Which rose an inch from where her nose is;

* Then quote his lady's ECCHYMOSIS.

The celebrated story of the lady's ecchymosis comes handed down to your worships by five successive reporters. The lady *incog.* who makes so *conspicuous* a figure in Dr Haygarth's narration, told another lady, who told a medical friend of Dr H. who told Dr Caustic, who tells your worships this important anecdote. Now, as "in the multitude of counsellors there is *safety*," so in a multitude of reporters there is *certainty*. But to the story; which I shall give in the language of Dr H.'s medical friend aforesaid.

"A *lady* informed me, that a *lady* of her acquaintance, who had great faith in the efficacy of the tractors, on seeing a small *ecchymosis*, about the size of a *silver penny*, at the corner of the eye, desired to try on it the effect of her favorite remedy. The *lady*, who was intended to be the subject of the trial, consented, and the *other lady* produced the instruments, and, after drawing them four or five times over the spot, declared that it changed to a paler color; and on repeating the use of them a few minutes longer, that it had almost vanished, and was scarcely visible, and departed in high triumph at her success. I was assured by the *lady*

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And was not bigger much, if any,
He states, than puny "silver penny."

who underwent the operation, that she looked in the glass immediately after, and that not the least visible alteration had taken place!!" (From *Haygarth's* book, page 40.)

I had determined to exert my influence in all the medical societies, that the above case be read at the opening of each meeting, until there should not be left of the tractors, in this island, "a wreck behind." But a far better plan of Dr H. himself has precluded the necessity of this measure, which was to announce in all the advertisements of his book in the public papers, that "it explains why the disorders of infants and horses are said to have been cured by the tractors." See his daily advertisements in the papers.

Indeed, I am at a loss which to admire most, the pretty fanciful relation above cited, which is all the new edition of the doctor's treatise against the tractors contains to justify the assertion in the advertisements before mentioned, or his singular skill in constructing such a fabric on this foundation. Did I possess the talents of the doctor in the advertising department, I should announce this my pithy performance to the public, by publishing in all the papers, that the price of the tractors was, in consequence of Dr Caustic's opposition, fallen to the price of old iron, and Perkins's pamphlets having been proscribed by physicians, were condemned, and actually burnt by the hangman on execution-day, at the Old Bailey, in the presence of every individual of the college of physicians, and half the citizens of London.

I would beg leave to add to this incomparable Haygarthian demonstration an argument of my own, which I think is not less powerful. It is impossible that these tractors should perform any *real* cure, as they act *solely* on the *imagination* either of the patient or the operator. But cures performed by the power of *imagination* must be *imaginary* cures, that is, no cures at all.

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'T was then assail'd, with courage hearty,
By juggling wench of Perkins' party,
And soon, to her beconjured eyes,
It *seem'd* a thousandth part its size.

"And now," quoth she, "I scarce can view it,
These tractors are the things that do it;
Oh, la! I vow, it's taken flight,
And vanish'd fairly out of sight."

But madam Hoaxhoax, in her glass,
Beholding what it *truly* was,
Exclaim'd "my last new wig I 'll burn up,
If 't is not bigger than a turnip!!!"

In public papers, more 's his glory,
The doctor advertised this story;
And you 'll confound the tractoring folks
By Haygarth's tale of lady Hoax.*

* By Haygarth's tale of lady Hoax.

It is not true, as some sagacious coffee-house politicians have asserted, that madame Hoax (or more correctly double Hoax) is the wife of a Chinese Mandarin, settled on the mountains of the Moon, in Abyssinia, for the purpose of ascertaining the influence of imagination in the cure of diseases. No, gentlemen, she is a baroness of true English breed, more sturdy than a Semiramis, a Penthesilea, or a Joan of Arc, and will prove, in our cause, a championess of

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Tell one more tale from ancient sages,
About the wonderous chain of ages,
Gold, silver, brass, but not a link,
Composed of copper, or of zinc.

pre-eminent prowess. Should your worships wish for further acquaintance with this lady, which in my opinion would be for your mutual advantage, you will take the trouble to inquire at my garret, No. 299, Dyot street, St Giles's (having removed from my former place of residence, third floor, 327, Grub street, with a view of being nearer my friend, Sir Joseph, in Soho square) and her address shall be at your service.

I am now preparing a most awful tragedy for Drury lane theatre (Mr Sheridan's approbation being already obtained) to be entitled and called, the DREADFUL DOWNFAL OF TERRIBLE TRACTORIZING CONFOUNDED CONJURATION; in which I propose to introduce a new song, that I have no doubt will be so celebrated as to be the theme of every ballad-singer in the metropolis. I cannot forbear anticipating some small share of that applause, which I have reason to suppose will be *piled* on Dr Caustic, as soon as he is publicly known as the author of such an inimitable production, by obliging your worships with a *part* of the chorus to the song aforesaid.

Come now let us coax
Haygarth and Dame Hoax,
Like true hearts of oaks,
To crack off their jokes,
While dreading their strokes,
Those sheep-hearted folks,
The tractoring Perkinites, quiver;

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That, as it ever was the curse
Of man to go from bad to worse,
This age (the thought might e'en distract us)
Is that of vile metallic tractors!

That your last sixpence you will bet all,
Ages will follow of worse metal,
Unless this wickedness you stop,
To sweepings of a black-smith's shop!

Say that the devil never fails*
To eat a tiger, stuff'd with nails;

O may they with knocks,
"And shivering-shocks,"
Pound their jackets and frocks,
Till dead as horse-blocks,
(O what a sad box!)
They're thrown into the docks,
Or, just like dead cats, in the river!

This song is to be set to music by Mr Kelly in his very best style of pathos, sublimity, and crotchets, and to be delightfully demi-semi-quavered to the admiring audience by Mrs Billington. Then, if box, pit, and gallery, should not, *una voce*, Nick Bottom-like, cry, "Encore! Encore! Let her roar! Let her roar! Once more, once more! Let the squeak and the squall be swelled to a bawl, Dr Caustic will find the door! Find the door! And never go there any more!!

* Say that the devil never fails.

This stanza contains a legendary tale, which I dare say is as true, as that which commemorates a notable exploit of St

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With claws and head and hair on, munching
The savage creature at a luncheon!

That one old woman, pain distracted,
This part of satan over acted;
In gulping tractors down, for med'cines,*
With such effect, that faith she 's dead since.

Then make it plain, by quoting Greek,
That this old hag, of whom we speak,
More brass and iron took in one day,
Than satan all the week, with Sunday.

But should the public turn deaf ear to 't
Tell them that I know who will swear to 't

Dunstan in seizing old satan, one dark night in the tenth century, and wringing the nose of his infernal majesty with a pair of red-hot blacksmith's pincers, which made him roar and scold at such a rate, that he awakened and terrified all the good people of Glastenbury and its neighborhood.

* In gulping tractors down, for med'cines.

An old lady of my acquaintance was actually advised by an *ingenious* son of Galen, an apothecary, resident a few miles north of London, to swallow tractors for an internal complaint. If our profession were to follow this laudable example, and force their patients to swallow them for pills, and then give the public a judicious detail of the terrible consequences, ending with the death of the patients, Perkinism would sink into that contempt in the estimation of the public which it justly deserves.

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And testify the whole affair
Before his honor, the lord mayor!

Say Perkinism was begotten
In wilds where science ne'er was thought on,*

* In wilds where science ne'er was thought on.

That is, in the United States of America, among Indians and Yankees. You will find, gentlemen, much to the purpose relative to the state of science, where Perkinism originated, in the *Monthly Magazine*, of January, 1803, under the title of "Animadversions on the present state of literature and taste in the United States, communicated by an English gentleman lately returned from America." This gentleman gives information that the Americans are wretchedly "*behindhand* in science *with* the Britains." Indeed, those transatlantic younkers ought, in half a century, to have established universities and other seminaries of learning, at least as *old* and respectable as those of Oxford and Cambridge, and which should have graduated as many students and produced as many great men. As to the parsimonious spirit of Americans in encouraging science (which this gentleman animadverts upon with laudable indignation) it ought truly to be exclaimed against by us Englishmen, for the weighty reason following: Great Britain, "from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" (as judge Blackstone says) hath starved some of her first poets; such for instance as Butler, Otway, Chatterton, Dryden, Savage, &c. &c. &c. &c. consequently (according to the same author) she ought to enjoy the *exclusive* "*customary privilege*" of inflicting the horrors of starvation on the sons of the muses: but it must be granted, for the honor of British munificence, that the scientific Herschel, in the decline of life, as a reward for

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And had its birth and education
Quite at the fag end of creation!

For raree-show, to England smuggled,
That honest christians, all bejuggled,
Might tamely suffer B. D. Perkins
To pick the pockets of their jerkins.

Say it was twinn'd with monstrous mammoth,*
And to go near it you 'd be d—d loth,†

immortalizing his present majesty, by inscribing GEORGIUM Sidus in the great folio of the heavens, is allowed the enormous pension of 80*l.* per annum!!

This instance of *liberality*, in rewarding merit, has caused me to suspend *my* animadversions relative to patronage afforded men of *real science* in Great Britain, till I can discover whether it be the absolute determination of my countrymen to starve doctor Caustic.

* Say it was twinn'd with monstrous mammoth.

And must, of course, be a most terrible wild beast.—Ladies and gentlemen may form a tolerable idea of the enormity of Perkinism, by viewing the skeleton of a mammoth now exhibiting in Pall Mall, in the very place where lately were to be seen those terrible caricatures of the devil, &c. under the appellation of FUSELI'S MILTON GALLERY.

† And to go near it you 'd be d—d loth.

This manifesto, you will please to recollect, is the language of gentlemen physicians. Now it is well known that

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Because it always eats poor sinners,
As I eat bread and cheese for dinners!

Say that it is "*monstrum horrendum!*"
As great a plague as God could send 'em:
Moreover, 'tis "*informe ingens!*"
Brought up among the western Indians:

Go on then; "*lumen cui ademptum,*"
A worse thing satan never dreamt on;
And sure your worships cannot urge ill,
Such *classic* matter — all from Virgil.

Although the slightest scintillation,
Of your terrific indignation,
Should cause the foe to topple under,
Like rotten gate-posts struck with thunder!

Although that pity would be folly,
Which checks said thunder in mid volley,

you possess a privilege, sanctioned by long and invariable practice, if not founded on act of parliament, to enforce your sentiments by certain *energetic* expressions, which, in the mouths of people of less consequence, would be considered as very vulgar, and nearly allied to *profane swearing*. And since your worships ever most manfully exercise this privilege to the full extent of its limits, the present manifesto would have been extremely inapposite and unnatural, had not an *ornament* of this kind been introduced.

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Or intercepts annihilation
From foresaid refuse of creation —

'T is possible the rebel rout
May rashly strive to stand it out;
And therefore we will next disclose
How to proceed from words to blows.

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CANTO IV.

GRAND ATTACK!

ARGUMENT.

Great Caustic, finding logic sound,
The conjuring crew will not confound,
Like an indignant hero blusters,
The MIGHTY ROYAL COLLEGE musters;
Joins to your worships' powerful phalanx
"Death-doing" quacks, and men of all ranks!
A bolder, and more desperate host,
Than jacobinic France can boast;
Then marches to o'erturn and knock dead
Each tractoring Perkinistic blockhead;
Their INSTITUTION next attacking,
He sends them all to Satan — packing!

OUR 'foresaid MANIFESTO first done,
Which shows our cause a good and just one;
The *boldest* sons of Galen call on,*
That they with fire and fury fall on!

* The *boldest* sons of Galen call on.

I say the *boldest;* for we cannot rely on the aid of the *whole* Esculapian phalanx. Many white-livered dastards, who disgrace our profession, have shown a disposition to remain neuter, or fight under Perkinean banners!

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Sound Discord's jarring tocsin louder,
Than Howard's fulminating powder:*

* Than Howard's fulminating powder.

It is a long time since the public have had any *reports* from the honorable Mr Howard's fulminating powder, which, three years since, made so much *noise*, that the world had reason to expect that the *thunderiferous* chymist would make no more of exploding to old Nick a whole army of Frenchmen, with Buonaparte at its head, than would a cockney sportsman of shooting a tame goose on the first of September.

Whether this mighty affair is all *blown up*, or what may have been the cause of the *silence* of those who defended a thing which so *loudly* proclaimed its own merits, it becomes Mr Howard to explain.

Of this he may be assured, if he do not stir his stumps in order to fulfil *some* of the fair promises which he and his friends have made to the Royal Society and the public, of the astonishing achievements they were about to perform, by the demi-omnipotent power of his new invented artificial thunder, I hereby give the *alarming* intelligence that I will apply my own superior talents to this *sonorous* subject. Should that happen, those laurels which were designed to decorate the brow of Mr Howard will be tied in a bow-knot round my venerable temples. For, in that case, the learned chymist's acquisitions, in the art of *intonation*, will bear no better comparison to those of Dr Caustic, than the clattering wagon-wheels of Salmoneus to the world-astounding thunderbolts of Jupiter. No person can doubt my being able to accomplish all this, who is apprized, as he may be from perusing this performance, of the vast quantity of the most *detonating* kind of *mercury* which exists in my composition, and which will *fulminate* with greater effect, than the *gold* and *silver* that line the *magnipotent* purse of the honorable the heir *apparent* to the duke of Norfolk.

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Then into battle like brave men go,
Who late were "kill'd off," at Marengo.*

But choose a chief before you start,
A bully bold as Buonapart';
And to make sure of well succeeding,
Another chap like Charles of Sweden.

* "Kill'd off," at Marengo.

I have several times taken a confounded deal of trouble to *haul* into my poem this beautiful specimen of parliamentary elocution; and, in my opinion, nothing can be better imagined, or more happily accomplished. Poetry and oratory, as the ancients inform us, were both *whelped* at one litter; consequently the same phrase which glittered in the harangue of *my* bull-baiting friend, William Windham, a British senator, cannot fail to cut a dash in the stanza of *his* seraphical friend, Christopher Caustic, a British poet.

Now, as I am a great admirer of French principles, and that new and accomodating kind of morality, by Frenchmen discovered, and which I ever have and ever will eulogize, to the utmost extent of my faculties, perhaps your worships will express no small degree of wonderment why I should be the intimate friend of a gentleman, the *blaze* of whose oratory, one would suppose, would have *blasted* Bnonaparte, and even *singed* the whole French republic. But those who are admitted behind the political curtain will perceive that the *tendency* of the measures which Mr Windham supports is to *promote* those jacobinic principles, of which Dr Caustic *openly* and *honestly* professes himself to be the determined propagator and defender.

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Step forth thou POTENT PRINCE OF PUFFERS!
Thou modern Hercules of Huffers!
Whose name, as Sternhold used to say,
Will ring "for ever — and a day;"

For thou canst sound (a thing the oddest,
Since an arch quaker should be modest,
And never meddle with a *strumpet**)
Thine own great name on *Fame's* brass trumpet.

And soon that name's continuous roar
Shall roll sublime from shore to shore;
Among th' antipodes, be known,
And *blaze* through either *frozen* zone.†

* And never meddle with a *strumpet.*

Surely, no person will imagine that I would, for the world, allude to any *other* lady than madam Fame herself.

† And *blaze* through either *frozen* zone.

I have very substantial reasons for spreading glad tidings of our redoubtable chieftain among the most distant inhabitants of the globe, in preference to endeavoring to add to his great celebrity "within the periphery of his associates." And, whereas it has been said that this gentleman's reputation will ever stand highest where he is either not known at all, or known only by those literary productions, in which he is himself the theme of his own most "ardent praise," mine shall be the humble task of trumpeting the doctor's name among the distant inhabitants of this dirty planet; while the doctor shall himself "dip his pen in ethereal and indelible ink, and impress his observations in characters legible in the great volume of the heavens."

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No more shall merciless reviewers,
Stick full of satire's savage skewers
The mighty chief of whom I 'm boasting,
As one would spit a *goose* for roasting.*

* As one would spit a *goose* for roasting.

True it is, though "passing strange," that a *great* and *good* man, composed, as he *himself* can attest, of the very essence of humanity, is often most vilely, most audaciously, and most atrociously bespattered by a set of saucy reviewers.

Those wicked wits, the writers in the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*, especially the latter, in a critique on one of the late works of a certain doctor of self puffing memory, tells us that "the importance of a man to himself was never more conspicuous than in this publication. Dr Lettsom admits that he has been anticipated by several distinguished authors; but modestly hints that some of his particular friends will form no opinion [respecting the cow-pox] till they have ascertained *his* sentiments." They then have the audacity to declare, that "he merits no slight punishment for his pompous inflated language, for his fulsome flattery, and ridiculous exaggeration of every part of the subject."

See how they speak of a late publication of the doctor on certain charitable institutions: — "Unless to connect these different institutions, to lead the different radii to a centre, while that centre is the author and the editor, who can boast, *Quæ ipse misserima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui!* we see little advantage in this edition. We mean not to intimate the slightest disapprobation of these institutions, or of humanity in general; but when we see pomp and egotism assuming its garb, when vanity and ostentation occasionally peep from beneath the robe, we feel no little disgust from comparing the fascinating exterior with the unpleasing con-

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For should they raise with dire misprision,
'Gainst thee one finger in derision;
This right hand rudest doggrel's club in,
Shall give the knaves a dreadful drubbing.

But thou, the leader of our throng,
Shalt glitter in a future song,
Which I intend to raise sonorous,
And QUACK! QUACK!! QUACK!!! shall be the chorus.

Then, had I money, I would bet some,
And faith I 'll do it (when I get some)
One half a guinea, sirs (a net sum)
They 'll fall before great doctor Lettsom.*

tents," &c. They likewise have the impudence to assert that some of the doctor's plans are "better suited to the superstition of a Hindoo, than to the nature of a rational christian." And in another review they declare: "We mean not to stoop to any; but will tell Dr Lettsom his faults" [consummate assurance!!] "as well as any other author; nor will we conceal that mean mark of a little mind, overweening vanity. We saw it in its germ, have watched its opening bud, till it is expanded into its blossom. The literary life of Dr L——— may well be styled the *progress* of vanity: the termination is yet to come: but we have ample materials for the subject." See *Monthly Review*, of July, and *Critical Review*, of Sept. 1802, and Feb. 1803.

* They 'll fall before great doctor Lettsom.

I resolved to recommend your arranging yourselves under the banners of this Leviathan of the Galenical throng, from

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Thou too, famed KNIGHT OF HORRID FIGURE!
With wig than bushel-basket bigger;

the moment I first heard of his noble and spirited sally against the tractors. Disdaining the wretched trammels of *why* and *wherefore*, and without assigning those paltry trifles, called *reasons*, for his opinions, on the merits of Perkinism, our intrepid commander determined to extirpate it root and branch, with his simple *ipse dixit*. This is what we ought to expect from a hero of such prowess. See how well he manages these metallic makers of mischief! In a eulogium (a very agreeable thing to a *modest* man during his life time) on his friend Dr Haygarth, contained in the work which those wicked reviewers above mentioned have treated so irreverently, he mentions (page 277) the "important object," which Dr Haygarth has so "happily *effected*." This is "arresting and *subduing* two poisons, the most fatal to the human race (fever and small-pox) and unveiling imposture, clothed in the meretricious garb of bold quackery:" a note on the word "*imposture*," in the margin says, "Experiments on metallic tractors." Now, unless I can borrow the pen of the learned doctor, dipped in "ETHEREAL *and indelible ink*," and a whole literary apparatus in proportion, I shall never be able to express how much I admire the matter above quoted, on account of the important *intelligence* therein contained. Before Dr L. asserted it, I dare say not an individual in the kingdom knew that Dr Haygarth had "*effected*" such an "important object," that fever and small-pox were subdued, altogether extinct, despoiled of that venom which has hitherto "brought death into the world," and so much wo. But true it is, they are quite extirpated, and all this by Dr Haygarth!! One cannot but exclaim against the perverseness of those members of parliament, who, regardless of this *news* from Dr L. voted a reward to Dr Jenner for his services

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Which, in its orbit vast, contains,
At least a thimble full of brains;

Come on, with lion heart, like Hector,
And phiz resembling monkey's spectre;
Prepare the batteries of thy journal,*
To blast with infamy eternal.

in *subduing* the small-pox, and to Dr Smith, for his discoveries in *subduing* contagious fevers. In short, I am almost ready to enforce the charge of ignorance against my brethren in the profession; for I have not yet met with one possessed of sufficient penetration to see, that neither fever nor small-pox "has a local habitation and a name among us," and that they have been both "*subdued*," and all this "*effected*," by Dr Haygarth!

* Prepare the batteries of thy journal.

Here I can, with certainty, calculate on the most powerful co-operation. This ——, what shall I call it? This official Gazette of the profession — this Medico-Chymico-*Comico*-Repository, for the effusions of self-puffers, prescribing rules and recipes,

"How best to fill his purse, and thin the town;"

this powerful instrument of offensive and defensive warfare, has ever, with becoming vigilance, guarded its post against Perkinean invaders, and suffered no occasion to pass without a squirt of the *Gallic* acid of satire, when there was deemed a possibility of *blackening* the common enemy.

I can never sufficiently express my approbation of the Carthagenian cunning with which this journal has been con-

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In medical societies pour
Forth all thy wonted *learned* lore:
Tell the vile deeds by quackery done,
By every nostrum, save *thine own.**

ducted. Dr B. professing great impartiality, in an early number, (see vol. ii. p. 85) invited communications on the subject of the tractors. Subsequent management evidently showed a slight omission in the doctor's notice, and that he meant *communications on one side only*; for he has omitted no pains to procure and publish whatsoever could be suggested *against* the tractors; but though reports of cases in their favor, and all the publications of the patentee have been before him, not a syllable of *these* was ever noticed by that gentleman; neither has it ever appeared by his journal that such facts ever existed.

* By every nostrum, save *thine own.*

I appeal to any of my brethren who have been gratified, as I often have been, with the Demosthenes-like torrent which has been so frequently poured forth, in our medical societies, by this "child and champion" of the Galenical throng, against quackery and all its appurtenances, whether it were fair to surmise, as some unconscionable rogues have done, that Dr B. has absolutely himself become the proprietor of a quack medicine. The fire of eloquence with which Perkinism, that most atrocious kind of quackery, has been so frequently, and so effectually assailed by the learned doctor at the medical society, at Guy's, the Lyceum Medico Londinensis, &c. &c. &c. ought to have ensured Dr B. so much of the gratitude of the profession, that, although he should *himself* choose to become one of the most arrant quacks in the kingdom, he might depend on your support of his repu-

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For thou didst play the hero rarely,
At Westminster, when routed fairly;

tation, and your exertions to uphold him. No subsequent apostacy on his part, I maintain, will justify a dereliction of him.

Recal to your recollection, gentlemen, the denunciations he has so often made against every medical practitioner who should presume, either directly or indirectly, to offer any patronage to remedies which bore even the most distant resemblance to a nostrum. How often have the walls of the medical theatres of Saint Thomas's hospital, and Windmill street, echoed loud responses to his declamations against the varlets, who should dare to recommend means, in the profits of the consumption of which the whole profession could not participate? How often have you received his invitations to send him your effusions and declamations against quackery, to receive an efficient publication in his journal? and what number of that journal has appeared without performing his promise, by honoring those effusions with a place in its immortal pages?

Lest even these most important considerations should still find you inexorable, I trust I can show, by examining his conduct in regard to the quack medicine in question, that, if it be not praise-worthy, it is, at least, defensible.

The title of the nostrum which has had the assistance of Dr B. in being introduced to the notice of a grateful public, is "A NEW MEDICINE FOR THE GOUT." The pretended discoverer of this specific is, for very commendable, or, which is the same thing, very *prudent* reasons, kept behind the curtain. I wish, however, to express my utter disbelief that either Dr Brodum or Dr Solomon is the happy mortal, however similar the style of the pamphlet, announcing this new medicine, may be to their erudite writings, and the pretensions of the said medicine to "balms of Gilead" and to "nervous cordials."

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Thy genius show'd such vast resources,
'Gainst Belgraves, Colquhouns, Wilberforces!*

Though hunted down, thou would'st not yield;
Though trodden on, didst keep the field.
Thus Witherington, in doleful dumps,
For lack of legs, fought stout on stumps!

And could'st thou, pertinacious Bradley,
But maul these mutton heads most sadly,
Soon might thy wig (the people staring)
All in a chariot take an airing!†

* 'Gainst Belgraves, Colquhouns, Wilberforces!

What business had these fellows to intrude their noses into the concerns of the Westminster infirmary? Brother B. had an undoubted right to manage, or *mis*manage, the funds of a *medical* institution, as best suited his own convenience, without their troublesome interference.

† *All* in a chariot take an airing.

I hereby enter a protest against any one of my commentators, whether he be Vanscanderdigindich the elder, or Hansvanshognosuch, his cousin *German* (two *Dutch* geniuses, who have promised to furnish the next edition of this my pithy poem with a whole ass-load of annotations) or any other gentlemen critics or reviewers of equal profoundity, presuming to intimate, that I intend, by this passage, the smallest disrespect to your *pedestrian* physicians. Far from that; I know that many good and great men (like myself for example) cannot even pay a shilling for hackney-coach hire. No, gentlemen; I have two great objects in view, to wit:

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Led on by chieftains so redoubted,
These vile Perkineans must be routed;

1. To encourage my brother B— to persevere in his laudable attempt to kick Perkinism back to the country whence it originated, by reminding him, that if the feat were once performed, he might, *perhaps*, soon afford the expense of a chariot to transport, in a respectable manner, *all* that wig, without laying the entire burden on the curious sconce it now envelopes.

2. To remind brother B—, and the profession in general, how much more execution may be done by a charioteer than by a pedestrian physician.

Although great men frequently differ, I am happy to find Mr *Addison's* opinion and *mine*, in this particular, perfectly consentaneous.

"This body of men," says he, speaking of physicians in our own country, "may be described like the British army in Cæsar's time. Some slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried, so soon, into all parts of the town, and despatch so much business in so short a time." Spectator, No. 21.

Not an individual, I will venture to assert, who knows my brother B—, but must feel the really urgent necessity of elevating him, as soon as possible, from *le pave* and giving those talents their full *swing*. Then, indeed, soon might our charioteer justly boast—

"London, with all her passing bells, can tell,
By this right arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,
I oft despatch'd the patient in a day.
With pen in hand, I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.

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Then, if in future people be sick,
They 'll worship us, the gods of physic.

Why stand ye now, like drones, astounded,
The weapons of your warfare grounded?
Arm'd *cap-a-pe*, like heroes rush on,
And crush this reptile institution.

But first, to make the bigger bluster,
Join every quack that you can muster,
Some place in rear, and some in front on,
From Brodum down to *gaseous* Thornton.*

Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill;
For save, or slay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward 's the same."

* From Brodum down to *gaseous* Thornton.

I am fully sensible that many of my brethren, of less discernment than myself, would have assigned this famous little genius a rank on the empirical list even above Dr Brodum. Making *puffing* their criterion, they will argue that those acute half-guinea paragraphs which we occasionally see at the fag end of the *Times* and other morning papers, respecting that "very learned physician,"—his "*great* discoveries, and improvements in the medical application of the gases,"—his "*grand national* and botanical work," and fifty others of the same strain, asserting the high claims of this *airy* writer on the gratitude of the public, are incontestible proofs of his superior merits in the *puffing*

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Now, when the foe you first get sight on,
Shout CA IRA, and then rush right on;
And make as terrible a racket,
As ever did a woman's clack yet,

department, which, say they, are some of the most necessary ingredients in the formation of a charlatan. All this is specious reasoning; but I trust I shall show its fallacy. Pre-eminence, in my opinion, must be founded on some intrinsic excellence, original and independent of adventitious circumstances. If we closely examine the merits of this candidate, we shall find that there can be no great claim on this score. Let any man enjoy the faculties and advantages of a general dealer in the *airs*, who must of course have *puffs* of all descriptions at hand; and where is the merit of occasionally *letting off one?*

If there be anything like originality in this industrious little philosopher, and for the invention of which I should be inclined to allow him the credit of ingenuity, it consists in his *meritometer*, which proposes to measure the merits of his fellow creatures by the degree of faith they can afford to bestow on the infallibility of his gases as a panacea. See his plan of this instrument, or rather the deductions drawn from his trials of it, in his large five volume *compilation of "Extracts,"* vol. i. page 459. From this scale it appears, that of one thousand of mankind, nine hundred and ninety-nine are either fools or knaves, as that proportion places no confidence in the efficacy of his catholicon. I hope, therefore, after the good reasons here assigned for my conduct, I shall not be suspected of partiality to Dr Brodum in retaining him at the head of the quacks, nor ill will to Dr T. for not calling him up higher on the list.

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For should you sound a loud alarum,
Perhaps you may so sadly scare 'em,
Like frighted sheep, they 'll huddle right in
The Old Nick's den, without much fighting.

Just so a gang of Indian savages,
When they set out to make great ravages,
With war-whoop fright their foes (God help 'em)
And then proceed to kill and scalp 'em.

Prudence, by Doctor Caustic's test,
A sneaking virtue is at best,
Then drive ahead by hook and crook,
Like lions, leap before you look.

But stop, ere further we proceed,
To set forth every mighty deed,
We must exchange (tho' horror stiffen ye)
Our Clio for a fell Tisiphone!

For when we do these wretches batter,
'T will be no water gruel matter;
And you 'll agree then, I assure ye,
Our muse is well changed for a fury.

Thou sprite! thou hag! thou witch! thou spectre!
Friend Southey's crony and protector:

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Who led the bard, with Joan of Arc,
Through death's deep, dreary, dungeon dark!

Until ye were, I dare be bound,
Near half a mile down under ground;
Mid screeching ghosts and dragons dreadful,
As e'er filled dreaming madman's head full!

And, after mighty perils past,
On Terra Firma, got at last,
Didst dub thy jacobin toad eater
The "Thalaba" of English metre.*

* The Thalaba of English metre.

Mr Southey, in his work with the title of "Thalaba or the Destroyer," has given us a fine example of a pleasing dreadful performance, which is neither prose, rhyme, nor reason. Indeed, nothing but the inspiration of the gas which we have seen him inhale in the first canto, could have generated the following effusions.

"A Teraph stood against the cavern side,
A new born infant's head,
That Khawla at his hour of death had seized,
And from the shoulders wrung.
It stood upon a plate of gold,
An unclean spirit's name inscribed beneath:
The cheeks were *deathy* dark,
Dark the dead skin upon the hairless skull;
The lips were *bluey* pale;
Only the eyes had life,
They gleamed with demon light." Book ii.

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And set the bard to brew a mess
Of horror in a wilderness,

Again he towers in Book v.

"There where the narrowing chasm
Rose loftier in the hill,
Stood Zohak, wretched man, condemned to keep
His cave of punishment.
His was the frequent scream
Which far away the prowling Chacal heard,
And howled in terror back.
Far from his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monster size
That ever at his head
Aimed eager their keen teeth
To satiate raving hunger with his brain.
He in the eternal conflict oft would seize
Their swelling necks, and in his giant grasp
Bruise them, and rend their flesh with bloody nails,
And howl for agony
Feeling the pangs he gave, for of himself
Inseparable parts his torturers grew."

Now, if in this age of turmoils your worships should have occasion to educate a school of assassins, to be employed as Talleyrand employs his agents, for the purpose of promoting modern philanthropy and French projects of universal empire, I should advise you to prepare them intellectual food from such descriptions as we have quoted above. By accustoming your pupils to meditate on such horrible descriptions you will soon enable them to inflict without compunction or remorse, sufferings like those, which they have been in the habit of contemplating.

We are sorry to see, however, that our friend, Dr Darwin,

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So wondrous horrible, indeed it
Might make one faint away to read it!

Thence sent him under "*rooted waves*"
Adown through vast Domdaniel caves,*

has been pleased to express his disapprobation of this species of the *terrible* in style, without which your small poets can never become conspicuous. We shall, however, quote one of his sentiments on the subject merely to let the world know that we great wits do not always tally upon every point.

The doctor tells us in his Botanic Garden, p. 115, that there is a "line of boundary between the tragic and the horrid; which line, however, will veer a little this way or that, according to the prevailing manners of the age or country, and the peculiar association of ideas, or idiosyncrasy of mind, of individuals."

Now I am apprehensive that doctor Darwin would have adjudged the greater part of Mr Southey's sublimity to be of the "*horrid*" rather than the *tragic* or *sublime* kind. Such an opinion, however, would not only greatly tarnish the reputation of the critic who should venture to pronounce it, but would entirely put down many pretty good poets, who, as the Edinburgh reviewers say, must have a "*qu'il mourut*," and a "let there be light" in every line; and all their characters must be in agonies and ecstacies, from their entrance to their exit.*

* Adown through vast Domdaniel caves.

That is, as Southey says, through the Domdaniel caves, "at the roots of the ocean."

* See Edinburgh Review of Southey's Thalaba, October, 1802.

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In which the metre man and Thalaba,
Had like to have been lost infallibly:

But were translated in a trice
To monsieur Mahomet's paradise,*
There to enjoy, with Houri-ladies,
A whole eternity of play days.

Thalaba, having leaped into a "little car" which appears to have been drawn by "four living pinions, headless, bodyless, sprung from one stem that branched below, in four down arching limbs, and clenched the carrings endlong and aside, with claws of griffin grasp;"

"Down—down, it sank—down—down—
Down—down—a mighty depth!—
Down—down—and now it strikes."

There's the *bathos* to perfection! Now, if we could in any way have prevailed on Mr Southey to have stopped this side of the centre of gravity, we should have been happy to have hired his "car" for this our dreadful rencontre. But as it appears that the Domdaniel cave soon after *fell in*, I fancy it would cost more to dig out this vehicle than to get Mr Southey to make us a new one.

* To monsieur Mahomet's paradise.

"Thalaba knew that his death-hour was come,
And on he leapt, and springing up,
Into the idol's heart
Hilt deep he drove the sword.
The ocean-vault fell in, and all were crushed.
In the same moment at the gate
Of paradise, Oneiza's Houri-form,
Welcomed her husband to eternal bliss."

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Give me in proper tone to tell,
Between a mutter and a yell,
How best our fierce avenging choler
May do dire deeds of doleful dolor.

Come on! Begin the grand attack
With aloes, squills, and ipacac;
And then with clyster-pipe and squirt-gun,
There will be monstrous deal of hurt done!

Each wry-faced rogue, and dirty trollop,
Must well be dosed with drastic jalap,
And though their insides you should call up,
Still make the numskulls take it all up.

Cram all the ninny-hammers' gullets,
With pills as big as pistol bullets;
And mingle mercury enough
To season well your doctor's stuff.

Dash at them escharotics gnawing,
Their carcases to pick a flaw in;
Of nitrous acid huge carboys,
Filled to the brim, like Margate hoys.

Thus when the Greeks with their commander,
That fighting fellow, Alexander,

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Set out one morning, full of ire,
To take and burn the town of Tyre;

A patriotic stout old woman
Looked out, and saw the chaps a coming;
When on a sudden she bethought her
To heat a kettle full of water;

And as they went to climb the ladder,
(Sure never vixen could be madder,
But so the historian of the fray says)
She fired her water in their faces!

But to return to *our* great battle;
Now rant! rave! roar! and rend! and rattle!*
Like earth-born giants when they strove,
To pull the ears of thundering Jove!

Pelt the vile foe with weapons missile;
Make vials round their sconces whistle;
Shower on them a tremendous torrent,
Of gallipots and bottles horrent.

* Now rant! rave! roar! and rend! and rattle.

I Christopher Caustic, censured by critics, for my apt alliterations, though artfully allied, yet presume it is policy for a pennyless poet to polish his puny lays to such a pitch of perfection, that posterity may please to place the pithy production paramount to the peaked point of the pinnicle of Pierian Parnassus.

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Make at 'em now like mad Mendozas;
With forceps pinch and pull their noses,
With tourniquet and dire tooth-drawers,
First gird their necks, then break both jaws.

But lo! they bid our dread alliance
Of doctors, quacks, and drugs defiance;
And, firm as host of cavaliers,
Convert their tractors into spears!

See host to host and man to man set!
A tractor each, and each a lancet!
Each meets his foe, so fierce attacks him!
That sure some god or demon backs him!

Fell Ate's shriek the world alarms!
Bellona bellows "ARMS! TO ARMS!"
War's demon dire, a great red dragon,
Drives, Jehu-like, Death's iron wagon!!*

* Drives, Jehu-like, Death's iron wagon!!

A poet of less judgment than myself would have seated Mars in the chariot of Victory, a Vauxhall car, or some other flimsy vehicle of that kind, which would be sure to be dashed to pieces in a conflict like this in which we are at present engaged. The carriage here introduced was made by Vulcan, in his best style of workmanship, for the express purpose of this attack, and in point of strength and size, bears no more proportion to the chariot commonly used by the god of war, than one of those huge broad-wheeled Manchester wagons to the little whalebone *thingamy* which the duke of Queensbury ran at New Market.

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Loud shouts and dismal yells arise!
Rend the blue "blanket" of the skies!*
Grim Horror's scream and Fury's frantic
Howl might be heard across the Atlantic!!

Although a comet's tail should hap
To give our globe a fatal slap,
The "crush of worlds" and "wreck of matter"
Would make ten thousand times less clatter!

Thus high in air two different kinds
Of monsieur Volney's warring winds
Commence a most impetuous battle,
And round the Blue Ridge make all rattle.†

* Rend the blue "blanket" of the skies.

This is the same "blanket" which Mr Canning said was "wet" when he exhibited it in the House of Commons. Since his use of it on that occasion it has been so frequently *wrung* by the wits, that it has now become a perfectly dry and almost thread-bare article.

† And round the Blue Ridge make all rattle.

Volney informs us in his View that the Alleghany mountain is the frontier on which the south-west and north-west winds in America contend; and that he beheld a spectacle of that kind at Rockfish Gap, on the Blue Ridge. See American edition, page 148.

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Loud, loud they bellow, blow and bluster,
With all the power that all can muster;
Harsh hurtle, howl, and hiss, but neither
Will yield his foe an inch of ether.

Now to the wretches give no quarter,
Pound them in indignation's mortar;
Let not the women nor the men chance
To 'scape the pestle of your vengeance!

Make cerebrum and cerebellum,
To rattle like a roll of vellum,
And occiput of every numhead,
To sound as loud as kettle-drum head.

With fell trepaning perforator,
Pierce every puppy's paltry pate, or
With chissel plied with might and main,
Punch a huge hole in pericrane.

And with a most tremendous process,
With power of elephant's proboscis,
At once crush dura, pia mater,
As one would mash a boil'd potato!

Pelt, pulverize the rogues with shocks
Like those from moon-disploded rocks,

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Sent from that mischief-making planet,
Huge, hissing hot, and hard as granite.*

* Huge, hissing hot, and hard as granite.

It is to me a matter of doubt whether your worships are not absolutely ignorant of the causes and effects of the wonderful phenomena to which we now allude. But if you will please to take with us a stand for observation, exactly at the centre of gravity between the earth and the moon, and look about you with the eyes of great philosophers you will perceive what is well worth a world of admiration.

You will perceive that what is vulgarly called the *man in the moon* is a prodigious volcano, in size much superior to any on our globe, and that this volcano is continually emitting rocks, which ever and anon are thrown beyond the sphere of the moon's attraction, and of course make their way down upon us.

You will likewise find, by turning to the second volume of the Philadelphia Literary Magazine, page 389, an account of above thirty different showers of stones, some of which have weighed not less than 300 pounds. And you will ascertain that there has been a great diversity of opinions among philosophers respecting the origin of these prodigies. Some have believed them to be thrown from some neighboring volcano. Some have thought them to have been wafted about by hurricanes. Others have supposed them to have been concretions formed in the atmosphere. Some have thought them to be masses which were detached from the planets at the time of the formation; and that they have been floating about in infinite space till they met with our earth, which became to them a new centre of gravity.

But the truth is, as you may see through any common optical tube, from the situation to which I have just had the honor to conduct you, that these masses of matter are the product of *lunar volcanos*. Here we have a cause adequate

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Now, with harsh amputating saw,
Slash frontal os from under jaw;

to the effect, as I shall make evident in the following few words.

A lunar volcano similar to those on our planet would project bodies much further from the moon than they would be thrown by the same force from Etna or Vesuvius; for,

1. It is granted by great philosophers, such as *ourself* and Dr Darwin, that the moon has no atmosphere; of consequence, a body exploded from the moon would meet with no resistance excepting from the power of gravitation. Dr Darwin informs us, Botanic Garden, canto ii. "If the moon had no atmosphere at the time of its elevation from the earth; or if its atmosphere was afterwards stolen from it by the earth's attraction, the water on the moon would rise quickly into vapor; and the cold produced by a certain quantity of this evaporation would congeal the remainder of it. Hence it is not probable that the moon is at present inhabited; *but as it seems to have suffered and to continue to suffer much by volcanos*, a sufficient quantity of air may in process of time be generated to produce an atmosphere, which may prevent its heat from so easily escaping, and its water from so easily evaporating, and thence become fit for the production of vegetables and animals.

"That the moon possesses little or no atmosphere is deduced from the undiminished lustre of the stars at the instant when they emerge from behind her disk. That the ocean of the moon is frozen is confirmed from there being no appearance of lunar tides," &c.

2. Bodies on the moon possess much less gravity in proportion to their quantity of matter than bodies on the surface of the earth; for matter is attracted by the earth and moon, respectively, in proportion to the quantity of matter which each contains. It follows that a comparatively slight impulse, communicated to a body on the moon's surface, would

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And make a wound, by cutting slant down,
For doctor Tasker to descant on.*

Attack Medulla, hight Spinalis,
From where the head to where the tail is;†

be sufficient to counteract its attraction towards the moon, and if it were propelled towards the earth it might come within its attraction, and would of course make its way to our planet.

Thus it appears very evident, even to persons of your worships' ordinary penetration, that these wonderful showers of stones are of lunar origin.

* For doctor Tasker to descant on.

I feel a very great solicitude to mould and modify every part and parcel of this performance according to rules and regulations of the best master-builders of epic poems, tragedies, and other great things of that kind. The judicious critic will perceive that all my wounds are inflicted with anatomical accuracy, and I have no doubt but my friend Dr Haygarth will do himself the honor to write a treatise upon this subject, and tell the world with what terrible propriety we have hewed and hacked our opponents in the field of battle. The reverend William Tasker, A. B. has furnished a model of this species of criticism in *A Series of Letters*, respecting "The Anatomical Knowledge of Homer," &c. Dr Haygarth I expect will prove that the "death wounds" of Sarpedon, Hector, Ulysses' dog, &c. as displayed in the treatise of Dr Tasker, were mere flea bites compared with these of Dr Caustic.

† From where the head to where the tail is.

Or more correctly where the tail *was*. Lord Monboddo tells us that men, as well as monkies, were formerly digni-

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Till every bone displays a fracture
Of scientific manufacture.

Thus Virgil tells of sturdy fellows,
Dares ycleped, and old Entellus,
Who, with a pair of iron mittens,
Attack'd each other, like true Britons.

Entellus, stout as Hob the giant,
Made horrid work, you may rely on 't;
Exceeding mightiest verse or prose deed,
Knock'd out two teeth, and made his nose bleed!

And now, with desperate trocar,
Urge on the dreadful "tug of war;"
And, having punch'd them in the crop, say
You meant to tap them for the dropsy.

fied with long tails protruding from the place where (according to Butler) honor is lodged. Philosophers and antiquaries had never been able to discover how man became divested of this ornament, till my friend, Dr Anderson, furnished a clue to the mystery. From this discovery I am led to suppose that your antediluvian bucks began the practice of cur*tail*-ing these excrescences for gentility's sake, and what was at first *artificial* became in due time *natural*, till, at length, your right *tippies*, as in modern times, were entirely disencumbered of that monkey-like appendage; but our Bond-street loungers, although divested of that exterior mark of the monkey, with a laudable desire to prevent the intentions of Nature from being defeated, have adopted all the ourang-outang-ical *airs* which she originally designed should discriminate that species of *animals* from man.

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With burning lapis infernalis,*
Convince them human nature frail is;

* With burning lapis infernalis.

The use of this *caustic* and other escharotics on this momentous occasion reminds me of an important era in my life, a *succinct* biograpoical sketch of which I shall *shortly* publish, in nineteen volumes folio; a work which, in point of size, erudition, and interesting anecdote, will be immensely preferable to the voluminous production of lord Orford.

The event in question was of the greater consequence, as it gave rise to the present family name of "CAUSTIC,"

Just thirtytwo years since, from the fourteenth day of last July, while I was prosecuting some of my chymical researches, my eldest son Tom, a burly-faced boy, since killed in a duel with a hot-headed Irish gentleman, overturned a bench on which were placed seven carboys full of acids, alkalies, &c. and broke them into inch pieces. The consequences of this accident may be more easily conceived than described. The whole neighborhood was alarmed, and many most terribly *causticized* in endeavoring to extinguish the conflagration which ensued. In the consternation, and amid the exertions to subdue it, some one cried out that Dr Crichton (for such was my former name, being the lineal descendant from the celebrated "admirable Crichton") is fairly a Dr CAUSTIC.

Thus began my *honorary* name, of which, as it is *scientific*, I am not a little proud, especially as it was acquired by virtue of an *explosion*, similar to that which gave the honorary appellation of *Bronte* to my friend, viscount Nelson of the Nile. For further particulars respecting this important event, you will please to inquire at the Herald's college, where, I dare say, "garter principal king at arms," sir Isaac Heard, knt. has done me the justice to register the occur-

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And taunting, tell them they 're afflicted,
Because they are to sin addicted.

rence. Instead of lions, bulls, boars, camels, elephants, and such insignificant *animalculæ*, my shield is decorated with insignia more appropriate to my great pretensions. On the left are seen broken carboys *couchant*, implying that the secrets of science lie prostrate before me. On the right are lumes *rampant*, indicative of my discoveries, which *soar* above those of all other pretenders. In the centre are nine hedgehogs, with quills, *stickant*, a happy emblem of my peaceable disposition.

My motto, which I trust sir Isaac has also registered, is worthy of notice. Dr Darwin was much pleased with it, and, desirous to emulate my fame in the art of motto making, *made* "OMNIA E CONCHIS." But your worships will perceive that the doctor's motto bears no comparison with mine, in point of erudition; as I prove myself versed in three languages; whereas he can boast of only one. Here it comes.

Ο ανθρωπος, or *η γυνη*
Lacessit never me impune!!

This, my beautiful and appropriate motto, for the sake of accomodating those among your worships, who are not versed in the lore of Greece and Rome, and cannot afford to subsidize men of erudition to officiate for you in that department of science, I shall render into our vernacular idiom, as follows:

If I'm attack'd by man or trollop
I 'll dose the knave with drastic jalap.

Lest the more critical and polite reader should complain, that in order to *let myself down* to the level of your worshipful capacities, I have anglicized my sublime motto in too

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With scalprum scrape off epidermis
And cutiele (I think the term is)

vulgar and colloquial a style, I shall take the liberty, politely, to parodize thereon, and, as lord Bacon says, "to bring it home to men's business and bosoms;" that is, to make the application to that particular kind of gentry, against whom my hedgehog quills, aforesaid, are pointed *in terrorem*.

Ladies and gentlemen, REVIEWERS!
You are a set of mischief brewers;
A gang of scandalous backbiters,
Who feast on us, poor murder'd writers.
Now if you dare to throw the gauntlet,
I tell you honestly I sha'n't let
Your impudences, with impunity,
Impose in future on community.
If you dare say that greater wit
Than doctor Caustic ever writ;
If you dare venture to suggest
His every word is not the best;
If you dare hint that Caustic's noddle
Is not improved from Homer's model;
If you dare *think* he has not treble
The inspiration of a Sybil;
If you don't seem to take delight
In puffing him with all your might;
If you don't coin for him some proper lies
To circulate through this metropolis,
To give eclat to this edition
Of his Poetical Petition;
If you don't sing the same tune o'er
Which he himself has sung before,
Ancients and moderns, altogether,
Are but the shadow of a feather,

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And all the nerves and muscles various,
Because, say you, their bones, are carious.

Thus rocks of primitive creation
Are worn down by disintegration,
Until the mountain mass is brought
To 99 times less than 0.

And when reduced to that condition,
By some additional attrition,
They furnish, by their aggregation,
The pabulum of vegetation.

With antimonials make them sweat away;
Cram each snout full of asafœtida:
Then tell them that their case you fancied
Required some castor oil, so rancid.

And though the drug seem somewhat baleful
Give each a dose of half a pailful;
Then thank them not to make wry faces,
For mild cathartics suit their cases.

Dash at them nitrate, hight argentum,
And tell them, though it does torment 'em

Compared with Caustic, even as
A puff of hydrogenous gas,
He 'll hurl ye to old Davy's grotto,
As you 'll imagine from his motto.

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That papists say that purgatory
Is but a passport into glory.

Thus monsieur Satan was quite merry,*
When erst, in Heaven, he raised old Harry;
With jokes and cannon, *in terrorem*,
Rush'd on and drove 'em all before him.

Stick your keen penetrating probes
Through right and left hepatic lobes;
And though you pierce the diaphragm,
You need not care a single d—n.

So Indians, when a captive 's taken,
And they resolve to fry his bacon,
Their savage torture to refine,
First stick him full of splinter'd pine.

* Thus monsieur Satan, was quite merry.

So said Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. vi. where the hero of the poem (whom I would propose as a model for your worships' imitation on all occasions) and his merry companions "in gamesome mood stand scoffing," and "quips cranks," powder, grape shot, puns, blunderbuss, jokes, and cannon-balls, flash, roar, and bellow in concert.

But I am sure that every candid critic will be disposed to acknowledge that neither Homer nor Milton ever described a battle, fraught with such sublime images and similes, as this in which we are so desperately engaged.

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Dissect a rogue or two alive,
For thus your worships may contrive
To trace the vital springs in action
Of nature's movements to a fraction.

In fine, your worships will contrive
To leave not one vile wretch alive,
Except those dirty sons of witches,
Whom nature meant to dig in ditches.

But all who would not make most topping
Fellows to work in docks at Wapping,
Some way or other, sirs, I'd have ye
Give a quick passport to old Davy.

But if with all this blood and thunder,
The stubborn blockheads won't knock under,
And e'en old women bravely wield
Their jordans like Achilles' shield;

No more with these *our* weapons dabble,
But raise a Lord-George-Gordon rabble;
Pour on the rogues, that they be undone,
The whole mobocracy of London!

Go, when I bid you, order out
A riotous and ragged rout

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From dirty lane and alley dark
From Poplar corner to Hyde Park.

Come on, brave fellows, quick surround 'em;
With canes and cudgels punch and pound 'em;
Brick-bats and broom-sticks, all together,
Like coblers hammering sides of leather.

Brave Belcher, Lee, Mendoza, Bourke,
Let loose your fists in this great work!
Here 's fine amusement for your paws,
Without the dread of police laws.

Let not one Perkinite be found
Encumbering our British ground;
But keep on pelting, banging, mauling,
Until old Beelzy's den they 're all in.

And I 'll be there and blow war's trumpet:
Or with death's kettle-drum will thump it,
Till all 's "confusion, worse confounded"
Than erst in Milton's hell abounded.

Thus, when the Spartans were in trouble,
Tyrteus help'd them through their hobble,
By singing songs, to raise their courage,
All piping hot, as pepper-porridge.

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These are the methods of "dead doing,"
By which to work the wizard's ruin;
And when with Satan all such trash is,
We 'll rise, like Phenix, on its ashes.

Now, sirs, consent to my PETITION,
And send these varlets to perdition;
So for your weal and welfare, *post hic*,
Will ever pray —

CHRISTOPHER CAUSTIC.

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ADDITIONAL NOTES.

No. I.

Fitted for female education.

Page 25. We are point blank opposed to allowing females any advantages for education, which can possibly induce their ladyships to set up for literata. "*Knowledge is Power*," and whereas the "seraphic sex" are prone to acquire knowledge with more facility, and communicate it with more felicity than the rough samples of humanity with whom Madam Destiny has had the impudence to connect them by ties (pretty easily severed nowadays) we are amazingly apprehensive that ladies will not only monopolize our trade of authorship, but usurp our places in Church, State and Medicine. We have often shed cataracts of tears (Della Crusca) over the following lines of Pope, which, though addressed to lady Montague, will apply equally well to nine hundred and ninetynine other lady luminaries, in whose presence the light of Dr Caustic is like the glimmer of a glow worm in the glare of sunshine.

"In beauty or wit
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning
To *yield to a woman is hard.*"

But with leave of the pope, we lords of the lower part of creation will not "yield to a woman." We will rather let

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Lord Bacon and the ladies know, by dint of the right of the strongest, that knowledge *is not* power, but that *physical strength is power*.

We are excessively provoked with the conductors of the North American Review, who in the No. of that work, dated October, 1835, p. 430, have reviewed, or rather eulogized certain Poems by Mrs Sigourney, and by Miss Gould. And what makes such conduct the more preposterous is that those ladies *deserve* the encomiums of their admiring Reviewers. They have, likewise, brought into bold relief a great number of lady-authors, such as Miss Burney, Miss Edgworth, Miss Baillie, Miss Martineau, Miss Mitford, Mrs Somerville, Mrs Hemans, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, Mrs Child, Mrs Hale, &c., whose names and whose merits, correct policy would have consigned to oblivion. Now, be it known, by these presents, that the more merit there happens to be attached to a lady-author, the more her productions should *not* be taken honorable notice of by a gentleman-critic.

No. II.

In foreign source of yellow fever.

Page 54. Some doctors, however, do not coincide in opinion with Dr Caustic on this subject. Dr Miller, in a "*Report on the malignant disease, which prevailed in New York, in the autumn of* 1805," *has the following passage:*

"We live in the latitude of pestilence, and our climate now perhaps is only beginning to display its tendency to produce this terrible scourge. The impurities which time and a police, rather moulded in conformity to the usages of more northern countries than the exigencies of our own, have been long accumulating, are now annually exposed to the heats of a burning summer, and send forth exhalations of the highest virulence."

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No. III.

Page 82, we told your worships, that Perkins was supported by Aldini, and promised some additional remarks by way of illustrating our assertion. We now intend to prove not only that we were correct in our statement, but that light, heat or caloric, electricity, Galvanism, Perkinism, animal spirits, the social feelings, especially when *love* is concerned, and the stimulus of society, are all intimately connected or different modifications of the same matter.

We will show that *light* and *heat* are the same thing in essence, by the authority of some of our prime philosophers whom it would be heresy to dispute or gainsay.

"Universal space," says Dr Franklin, "so far as we know of it, seems filled with a subtil fluid, whose motion, or vibration, is called light.

"This fluid may possibly be the same with that which attracted by and entering into other more solid matter, dilates the substance, by separating the constituent particles and so rendering some *solids fluid*, and maintaining the fluidity of others; of which fluid when our bodies are totally deprived, they are said to be frozen; when they have a proper quantity they are in health, and fit to perform all their functions; it is then called natural heat; when too much, it is called fever; and when forced into the body in too great a quantity from without, it gives pain by separating and destroying the flesh, and is then called burning; and the fluid so entering and acting is called fire." *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, vol. iii. p. 5, 6.

Now we will see what Lavoisier, according to Fourcroy, can tell us on this subject.

"The comparison which the more modern philosophers, and particularly my illustrious friend Monge, have established between *caloric and light*, so as to consider these two effects as the *product of modifications of the same body*, is

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entitled to much more attention. It is established on a great number of experiments; it naturally and simply explains most of the phenomena; and it agrees with the sublime economy of nature, which multiplies effects much more than the bodies which produce them.

"Fire," he continues, "is disengaged, and shows itself in the form of *heat*, when it is gently and slowly driven out of bodies into the composition of which it entered; but it shines in the form of *light* when it flies out of compounds, in a very compressed state, by a swift motion.

"According to this ingenious hypothesis, *caloric* may become *light*, and *light* on the other hand may become *caloric*. For this purpose it is only necessary that the first should assume more rapidity in its motion, and the second undergo a diminution of velocity." *Nicholsons' Fourcroy*, vol. i. p. 57.

Our next step in this our wonderful process is to prove, that light, which is the same as heat, may also be identified with *electricity*.

Here I shall produce the authority of a writer in the Encyclopædia Britannica, who appears to be a very sound philosopher. Under the title Electricity, article 83, you will find that gunpowder has been fired by the electric blast; from which the writer reasons as follows.

"As it therefore appears, that the electric fluid, when it moves through bodies either with great rapidity or in very great quantity will set them on fire, *it seems scarce disputable*, that this fluid is the same with the *element of fire*. This being once admitted, the source from whence the electric fluid is derived into the earth and atmosphere must be exceedingly evident, being no other than the sun or source of light itself." The writer then proceeds to show, that an iron wire has been melted by the discharge of a battery of electricity, and furnishes proofs which must convince the most incredulous, of the correctness of his theory.

Thus far we have proceeded triumphantly in making it

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abundantly evident that light, heat, and electricity are the same in substance; so that if your worships will permeate this subject with due retention and some small share of true philosophical perspicacity, you will find that heat and electricity are the dregs or sediment of light, and by digesting Dr Black's theory of latent heat, you will find that the matter of heat, light, and electricity exists in very vast abundance in all bodies and substances.

We next will prove that Galvanism is a modification of electricity. Here we will advert to the theory of Galvani and Aldini, as stated by C. H. Wilkinson, lecturer on Galvanism in Soho square, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. &c. This gentleman informs us, that "the animal body is a description of *Leyden phial*, or magic battery, in one part of which there is an excess of electricity, and in the other a deficiency. *The conducting body communicates the fluid of the part where it is abundant to the part* where it is defective; and in this passage of the electricity, the muscular contractions are obtained in the same way as the discharges are produced by the Leyden phial or magic batteries. As the *conducting bodies* in electricity are the sole agents in the discharge of the Leyden phial, so the same bodies alone serve likewise to excite muscular contractions. *Wilkinson's Elements of Galvanism*, p. 82.

We next will prove that Perkins's points are the proper conductors of animal electricity. From a specification which Mr Perkins published in the Repertory of Arts, it would seem that *zinc* is the principal ingredient in the tractors.

"Zinc," says Fourcroy, "is a conductor of electricity like all other metals, and nothing particular has hitherto been discovered in it with respect to this property; however, the *powerful manner in which it effects the sensibility of the human body in Galvanic experiments seems to give it herein a sort of prerogative* or pre-eminence over other metallic substances. If we place a plate of zinc under the tongue, and

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cover the upper surface of this organ with another metal, and especially a piece of gold or silver, and then incline the extremity of this last, so as to approach it to the plate of zinc, at the moment when the two metals come into contact with each other, the person who performs the experiments feels a very perceptible pricking sensation, heat, irritation, and a sort of acerb taste in the tongue, almost always accompanied with a *momentous* glare, or luminous circle, which suddenly appears before his eyes. No metal produces this singular effect with such force as zinc is observed to do."

This animal electricity is likewise a modification of what we call *animal spirits*, and may be termed the *stimulus of society*. That this was well known to the wisest of men, is evident from this adage of Solomon: "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." The want of a proper communication among animal Leyden phials is the cause of the gloom of the *solitaire*. The wish to partake of the benefits of the stimulus of society makes man a gregarious animal, and induces the human race to congregate in large cities, and to be fond of routs, balls, assemblies, in which the aforesaid human electric phials are beaming *animal electricity* in every direction, and thus a flow of animal spirits is communicated by a pleasing contagion to all present.

When we see an animal Leyden phial superabounding with animal electricity, we say it is a *spirited animal*. When said animal happens to be a hero, a tiger, an irritated ram cat, or a black snake intent on his game, visible flashes of electricity will blaze from the eyes, and communicate very sensible shocks to a spectator. Thus the Gaul, who was commanded to cut off the head of Marius, a celebrated Roman general, and a personage full of the most *positive sort of animal electricity*, received such a *stroke* of lightning from the battery of that hero's head, and at the same time was so *thunderstruck* with the exclamation of "*Tune, homo,*

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audes occidere Caium Marium?" that the dagger dropped bloodless from the hands of the ruthless assassin. Thus Alexander, when hampered in the chief city of the Oxydracæ, kept his foes at a distance by the fire that flashed from his eyes in whole torrents of animal electricity. How often do we see a Congressional spouter, or an itinerant field preacher *electrize* a large assembly by repeated discharges of this mysterious fluid. In all cases of fanaticism it is mistaken for the fire of devotion, and causes grimaces, contortions, convulsions, and other strange symptoms, which, however, are easily accounted for by the theory of the "animal Leyden phial."

But the prettiest experiments ever made with animal electricity, I have seen sometimes exhibited by a female philosopher to a levee of her admirers. On such occasions, the lady's eyes seem to be fountains of *animal electricity*. This electricity, however, is not *vitreous* and *resinous*, but *positive* and *negative*. The former expressed by a *glance of approbation*, and the latter by a *flash of disdain*. The different effects which discharges of these different kinds of electricity exhibit in the subjects of experiment may be rated among the most wonderful of phenomena. The former transports a man, Southey-like, to "the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens," the latter sinks him "down! down! to the Domdaniel cave at the roots of the ocean." But as this is a branch of natural philosophy to which, for forty years, past I have not paid the least attention, I shall not attempt further to instruct your worships therein, but refer you to the experiments so delectably set forth in the poems of Little, Johannes Bonefonius, Secundus, and other adepts in that curious science.

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AN ODE.*

Ye sons of Columbia, unite in the cause
Of liberty, justice, religion, and laws;
Should foes then invade us, to battle we 'll hie,
For the God of our fathers will be our ally!
Let Frenchmen advance,
And all Europe join France,
Designing our conquest and plunder;
United and free
For ever we 'll be,
And our cannon shall tell them in thunder,
That foes to our freedom we 'll ever defy,
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean is dry!

When Britain assail'd us, undaunted we stood,
Defended the land we had purchased with blood,

* The above ode was written, set to music, and sung on a public occasion in Rutland, Vermont, July, 1798. At that time the armament, which afterwards sailed to Egypt, under Buonaparte, lay at Toulon: its destination was not known in America, but many supposed that it was intended to waft the blessings of *French liberty* to the United States.

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Our liberty won, and it shall be our boast,
If the old world united should menace our coast:—
Should millions invade,
In terror array'd,
Our liberties bid us surrender,
Our country they 'd find
With bayonets lined,
And Washington here to defend her,
For foes to our freedom we 'll ever defy
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean is dry!

Should Buonapart' come with his sans culotte band,
And a new sort of freedom we do n't understand,
And make us an offer to give us as much
As France has bestow'd on the Swiss and the Dutch,
His fraud and his force
Will be futile of course;
We wish for no *Frenchified* freedom:
If folks beyond sea
Are to bid us be free,
We 'll send for them when we shall need 'em.
But sans culotte Frenchmen we 'll ever defy,
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean is dry!

We 're anxious that Peace may continue her reign,
We cherish the virtues which sport in her train;
Our hearts ever melt, when the fatherless sigh,
And we shiver at Horror's funereal cry;

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But still, though we prize
That child of the skies,
We 'll never like slaves be accosted.
In a war of defence
Our means are immense,
And we 'll fight till our *all* is exhausted:
For foes to our freedom we 'll ever defy,
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean is dry!

The EAGLE of FREEDOM with rapture behold!
Overshadow our land with his plumage of gold!
The flood-gates of glory are open on high,
And Warren and Mercer descend from the sky!
They come from above
With a message of love,
To bid us be firm and decided;
"At liberty's call,
Unite one and all,
For you conquer, unless you 're divided.
Unite, and the foes to your freedom defy,
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean is dry!"

"Americans, seek no occasion for war;
The rude deeds of rapine still ever abhor;
But if in defence of your rights you should arm,
Let toils ne'er discourage, nor dangers alarm.
For foes to your peace
Will ever increase,

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If freedom and fame you should barter,
Let those rights be yours,
While nature endures,
For OMNIPOTENCE gave you the charter!"
Then foes to our freedom we 'll ever defy,
Till the continent sinks, and the ocean is dry!

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THE MORNING.

Behold, my fair, the ruddy morn
  Anticipate the day;
What beauteous tints the sky adorn,
  And gild the azure way!

The sombre mists, which gloomy night
  Had gather'd in the vale,
Are borne aloft, and wing their flight
  Before the rising gale.

Now changed to clouds of varied hue,
  In airy maze they dance;
Now sweep athwart the welkin blue,
  And gem the gay expanse.

The plumy tenant of the grove
  Is perch'd on yonder spray,
And serenades his little love
  With sweetest roundelay.

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To taste the pleasures of the morn
  Is bliss without alloy,
Though fashion's drowsy vot'ries scorn
  To quaff the cup of joy.

But rise, my lovely charmer, rise
  To greet the early ray,
And let my TERAMINTA's eyes
  Add lustre to the day.

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AN ODE.*

ALMIGHTY POWER! — The ONE SUPREME!
Our souls inspire, attune our lays
With hearts as solemn as our theme,
To sing hosannas to thy praise!

Then, while we swell the sacred song,
And bid the pealing anthem rise
May seraphim the strain prolong,
And hymns of glory fill the skies.

Thy word omnific form'd this earth,
Ere time began revolving years —
Thy fiat gave to Nature birth,
And tuned to harmony the spheres.

* This ode was written to the music of an anthem, previously composed for other words, by Oliver Holden, Esq. Charlestown, Mass., a gentleman eminent for his musical talents, and sung during divine service, at the anniversary of Vermont General Election.

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When stern oppression's iron hand,
Our pious fathers forced to roam,
And o'er the wild wave seek the land
Where freedom rears her hallow'd dome —

When tempests howl'd, and o'er the main,
Pale horror rear'd his haggard form;
Thou didst the fragile bark sustain
To stem the fury of the storm!

Thou badest the wilderness disclose
The varied sweets of vernal bloom —
The desert blossom'd like the rose,
And breath'd Arabia's rich perfume!

Look down from heaven's empyreal height,
And gild with smiles this happy day;
Send us some chosen SON OF LIGHT
Our feet to guide in wisdom's way.

The sons of faction strike with awe,
And hush the din of party rage,
That LIBERTY, secured by LAW,
May realize a golden age.

On those thy choicest blessings shower
To whom the cares of State are given;
May Justice wield the sword of power,
TILL EARTH 'S THE MINIATURE OF HEAVEN!

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ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

WHY moves to mournful measures slow
Yon sable retinue of wo,
  With tearful eye and visage pale?
And why this universal gloom?
Sure Nature trembles o'er her tomb,
  And bids her wilder'd children wail!

Do plagues infest, do wars alarm,
Has God in wrath made bare his arm,
  To hurl his bolts of vengeance round?
Have towns been sack'd by hostile ire,
Have cities sunk in floods of fire,
  While earthquakes shook the shuddering ground?

Ah! no, thy sons, Columbia, mourn
A hero past that fatal "bourn
  From whence no traveller returns;"
Before him none more good, more great,
E'er felt the unerring shafts of fate,
  Though glory's lamp illume their urns.

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Behold yon pallid war-worn chief,
A marble monument of grief,
Who once our troops to victory led;—
The burst of sorrow now control,
But now the tears of anguish roll,
A tribute to the *immortal dead!*

Fain would the muse those virtues scan,
Which dignified the godlike man,
And launch in seas without a shore;
But sure his name alone conveys
More than a thousand hymns of praise,
The matchless WASHINGTON's no more!

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DIRECTIONS FOR DOING POETRY.*

IN THE SIMPLE STYLE OF SOUTHEY, WORDSWORTH, AND OTHER MODERN METRE MONGERS.

SUPPOSING you would sing
About love in the Spring,
Something like this will be just the thing.
Tell the reader to behold
The gay
Tints of the cloud-dappled *morn!*
Then streak the azure with gems set in gold,
And bring into view
Some Tyrian hue,
Mix'd with indigo blue.
Then the meads must be *spangled,*
And glittering *grove*
With OCEANS of dew!
Whew!!

* There is an inflated species of simplicity, consisting of exaggerations of thought expressed by colloquial barbarisms, mixed with occasional pomposity of diction, which it is the object of the above to ridicule. The measure is after the model of "THALABA;" but rhyme is added, as Butler says, merely by way of *rudder* to the verses.

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But now you must mind
That rhymes you must find
For lines left behind,
You therefore must *rove*,
Say
On any day
About the fag end of May,
And bid lilacs *adorn*
Your beautiful *morn*;
And the thickets must be tangled
For the sake of your *spangled*.

Now having found
Yourself on firm ground,
You may roam along the edges
Of hawthorn hedges;
Then bid beds of roses
And pretty pink posies
Ravish our eyes and *captivate* our noses!!!
Interweave, if you will,
The hyacinth and daffodil,
With now and then a big weed
Of purslain and of pig weed,
And add fragrant crops
Of potato tops,
And scatter, here and thereabout,

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As many hops
As you may please to care about;
And, between whiles,
Say
That Nature smiles,
In her new holiday
Dress;—
Nevertheless,
These beauties so rare
Can never compare
With the dear little dove
With whom you 're in love.

Next glance a quick eye
To the flame cinctur'd, multihu'd arch in the sky;—
In our vernacular idiom call'd a rainbow,
Which perhaps the unpoetic reader would fain know.
Then *positively declare*,
That Amanda the fair,
Who really beats the Dutch,
Exceeds as much
All such
As does a fine lilac silk gown
The dirtiest grogram in town.
Then bid your muse higher fly,

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And say your queen of lasses
Each country wench surpasses,
Yea, far more excels
Your Moggies and Nells,
Than doth the noontide blaze the scintillating
fire fly.

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HORACE SURPASSED.

How funny 't is, when pretty lads and lasses
Meet altogether, just to have a caper,
And the black fiddler plays you such a tune as
Sets you a frisking.

High bucks and ladies, standing in a row all,
Make finer show than troops of continentals.
Balance and foot it, rigadoon and chasse,
Brimful of rapture.

Thus poets tell us how one Mister Orpheus
Led a rude forest to a contra-dance, and
Play'd the brisk tune of Yankee Doodle on a
New Holland fiddle.

Spruce our gallants are, essenced with pomatum,
Heads powder'd white as Killington-Peak snow-
storm ;*
Ladies, how brilliant, fascinating creatures,
All silk and muslin !

* Kilington Peak. The summit of the Green Mountains, in Vermont, is so called.

Digitized by Google

But now behold a sad reverse of fortune,
Life's brightest scenes are checker'd with disaster,
Clumsy Charles Clumpfoot treads on Tabby's gown, and
Tears all the tail off!

Stop, stop the fiddler, all away this racket —
Hartshorn and water! See the ladies fainting,
Paler than primrose, fluttering about like
Pigeons affrighted!

Not such the turmoil, when the sturdy farmer
Sees turbid whirlwinds beat his oats and rye down,
And the rude hail-stones, big as pistol-bullets,
Dash in his windows!

Willy Wagnimble dancing with Flirtilla,
Almost as light as air-balloon inflated,
Rigadoons round her, 'till the lady's heart is
Forced to surrender.

Benny Bamboozle cuts the drollest capers,
Just like a camel, or a hippopot'mus,
Jolly Jack Jumble makes as big a rout as
Forty Dutch horses!

Digitized by Google

See Angelina lead the mazy dance down,
Never did fairy trip it so fantastic;
How my heart flutters, while my tongue pronounces
Sweet little seraph!

Such are the joys, that flow from contra-dancing,
Pure as the primal happiness of Eden,
Love, mirth, and music, kindle in accordance
Raptures extatic.

Digitized by Google

SONG.*

When cannons roar, when bullets fly,
And shouts and groans affright the sky,
Amid the battle's dire alarms,
I'll think, my Mary, on thy charms;
The crimson field
Fresh proof shall yield
Of thy fond soldier's love;
And thy dear form
In battle's storm
His guardian angel prove.

Should dangers thicken all around,
And dying warriors strew the ground,
In varied shapes, though death appear,
Thy fancied form my soul shall cheer;
The crimson field
Fresh proof shall yield

* Written for the occasion, and sung in New York, July the fourth, 1805.

Digitized by Google

Of thy fond soldier's love;
And thy dear form
In battle's storm
His guardian angel prove.

And when loud cannons cease to roar,
And when the din of battle's o'er,
When safe return'd from war's alarms,
O then I'll feast on Mary's charms!
In ecstacy
I'll fly to thee
My ardent passion prove,
Left glory's field,
My life I'll yield
To all the joys of love.

Digitized by Google

TABITHA TOWZER.

Miss Tabitha Towzer is fair,
  No guinea-pig ever was neater,
Like a hakmatak slender and spare,
  And sweet as a musk-squash, or sweeter.

Miss Tabitha Towzer is sleek,
  When dress'd in her pretty new tucker,
Like an otter that paddles the creek,
  In quest of a mud-pout, or sucker.*

Her forehead is smooth as a tray,
  Ah! smoother than that, on my soul,
And turn'd, as a body may say,
  Like a delicate neat wooden-bowl.

To what shall I liken her hair,
  As straight as a carpenter's line,

* Mud-pout and sucker are two kinds of fishes of little value, common enough in muddy streams. The otter pursues these with peculiar avidity.

Digitized by Google

For similes sure must be rare,
  When we speak of a nymph so divine.

Not the head of Nazarite seer,
  That never was shaven or shorn,
Nought equals the locks of my dear
  But the silk of an ear of green corn.

My dear has a beautiful nose,
  With a sled-runner crook in the middle,
Which one would be led to suppose
  Was meant for the head of a fiddle.

Miss Tabby has two pretty eyes,
  Glass buttons shone never so bright,
Their love-lighted lustre outvies
  The lightning-bug's twinkle by night.

And oft with a magical glance,
  She makes in my bosom a pother,
When leering politely askance,
  She shuts one, and winks with the other.

The lips of my charmer are sweet,
  As a hogshead of maple molasses,
And the ruby red tint of her cheek,
  The gill of a salmon surpasses.

Digitized by Google

No teeth like her's ever were seen,
  Nor ever described in a novel,
Of a beautiful kind of pea-green,
  And shaped like a wooden-shod-shovel.

Her fine little ears, you would judge,
  Were wings of a bat in perfection;
A dollar I never should grudge
  To put them in Peale's grand collection.

Description must fail in her chin;
  At least till our language is richer,
Much fairer than ladle of tin,
  Or beautiful brown earthen pitcher.

So pretty a neck, I'll be bound,
  Never join'd head and body together,
Like nice crook'd neck'd squash on the ground,
  Long whiten'd by winter-like weather.

Should I set forth the rest of her charms,
  I might by some phrase that's improper,
Give modesty's bosom alarms,
  Which I would n't do for a copper.

Should I mention her gait or her air,
  You might think I intended to banter;

Digitized by Google

She moves with more grace, you would swear,
  Than a founder'd horse forced to a canter.

She sang with a beautiful voice,
  Which ravish'd you out of your senses;
A pig will make just such a noise
  When his hind-leg stuck fast in the fence is.

Digitized by Google

THE SPLENDORS OF THE SETTING SUN.

Sol, slowly sinking down the steep of heaven,
With softened splendor greets the musing eye,
Resigns his throne to "sober suited even,"
But decorates while he deserts the sky.

His noonday beams, insufferably bright,
Are now succeeded by a milder blaze,
And every slanting filament of light
Heaven's kind and cheering effluence conveys.

Now let me wend my solitary way
Where groves and lawns present alternate charms;—
Gaze on the glories of the waning day,
Till night shall fold me in her dusky arms.

Mark how the clouds now glow like molten gold,
Now gleam like snow-banks, heap'd on banks of snow;

Digitized by Google

Now dash'd with azure, softer hues unfold,
  Now shift and kindle to a furnace-glow!

Compared with these, what is the pride of art!
  Your petty palaces and pigmy spires —
The paltry pageants of the noisy mart,
  And all the city-connoisseur admires!

Should the whole race of man unite as one
  To celebrate some glorious festal day,
The simple splendor of the setting sun
  Would far surpass their most superb display.

Digitized by Google

THE SLEEP OF THE SLUGGARD.

O LIST to an indolent lump of live lumber,
Whom slothfulness binds with invisible bands,
A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;
A little more folding together the hands.

"I've a villainous cold — and my head, how it aches!
The north wind is blowing, and stings like a hornet,
And as to this rising as soon as day breaks,
'T is a vile vulgar habit, and gentlemen scorn it.

"I'm none of those wretches, who labor for bread
Through foul or fair weather, whatever may hap,
I mean to enjoy both my table and bed,
So let me turn over and take t'other nap.

"I've money enough, and can live at my ease,
I cannot be caught in necessity's trap,

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Will sleep every day till the next, if I please,
And so will indulge in another good nap."

His heavy hydropical carcase he turns,
And sinks in uneasy intemperate rest,
Till dim in his bosom the lamp of life burns,
While snorting with nightmare and plethora prest.

What horrible visions his bed hover o'er,
The phantoms of spleen, the blue devils dire,
Like Gorgons and Hydras of fabulous lore,
Or red dragons belching whole rivers of fire.

Now clings to the side of a prominent steep,
O'er a rough, roaring cataract hangs by a hair,
Now suddenly sinks in a bottomless deep,
And starts, half awake with a shriek of despair!

Thus rolls like a porpoise o'er billows of down,
Grows big as a mammoth, and fat as a seal,
Lives a plague to his friends, or a charge to the town,
And dies to make worms a most plentiful meal.

Ye sons of Columbia, shun the syren of sloth
For if you submit to her leaden control,
You will find, when too late, like a venomous moth,
She consumes a man's substance and poisons
his soul.

Digitized by Google

If the wizard of indolence takes you in hand,
Quick break from his grasp, or you're quickly undone,
Your limbs will be lithe as a wickapy wand,*
And your sinews be soften'd like wax in the sun.

* Wickapy is the popular name for a shrub, which is remarkably flexible.

Digitized by Google

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

A GENTLE answer will assuage
The ruthless vehemence of ire,
But petulance opposed to rage
Is adding fuel to the fire.

He who is cautious, calm and cool,
When made the subject of attack,
May smile defiance on the fool,
Whose anger puts him on the rack.

If injury you must repel,
Hard words are not of any use,
The greatest energy as well
Is shown without, as with abuse.

If one should offer you offence,
By being angry with the elf,
Instead of gaining recompense
You are but punishing yourself.

Digitized by Google

But gentle answers will assuage
The headlong vehemence of ire,
While petulance opposed to rage,
Adds tenfold fuel to the fire.

Digitized by Google

"HAVING FOOD AND RAIMENT, LET US THEREWITH BE CONTENT."

Art thou blest with food and raiment,
Give God thanks for favors given;
Gratitude is all the payment
Thou can'st make indulgent Heaven.

Clothing coarse, and scant subsistence,
Recompense which labor brings,
With contentment make existence
Happier than the life of kings.

Why in heaping useless treasure,
Shorten life, and health destroy?
Where 's the profit or the pleasure,
Hoarding what you ne'er enjoy?

Why, for Mammon's paltry proffers,
Sell thyself to sin a slave,
Can the wealth which swells thy coffers,
Buy exemption from the grave?

Digitized by Google

Since the thread of life is brittle
Heed the poet's moral song,
"Man in this world needs but little,
And that little needs not long."

Wants by luxury created —
All of artificial kind,
By indulgence never sated,
Weaken and debase the mind.

To the hardy child of nature,
Decent clothes and frugal fare,
Furnish pure enjoyments greater
Than the pamper'd monarch's share.

Gold by avarice that 's hoarded,
Might as well be in the mine,
Wealth that's generously afforded,
Can alone be counted thine.

Then, if blest with food and raiment,
Let thy gratitude be shown,
No man's merits, as a claimant,
Give a right to these alone.

Digitized by Google

HARVEST—INTEMPERANCE.

The arable fields and gay meadows behold,
And laughing luxuriant landscape accord,
In tributes of verdure, enamell'd with gold;
The hard-handed husbandman's promised reward.

But pause ere you gather the bountiful crop,
And listen to well meant advice of a friend,
The evils which flow from *intemperance* stop,
So far as your own good example may tend.

Avoid the inveterate habit of some,
(Excessively foolish, atrociously sinful,)
Now bloated with brandy, now reeling with rum,
Now stuffing with whiskey a spanish brown skin-full.

With the fire of the elements raging without,
If the fire of the still is consuming within,
A body of adamant soon must give out,
And the steel-sinew'd laborer soon must give in.

Digitized by Google

A man had much better be burnt at the stake,
For thus he will finish his troubles much quicker,
Than his own carcase take a blue blaze to make,
And be burning for years with the fire of strong liquor.

Digitized by Google

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

Miss Ann, you are, it seems to me,
  An essence all ethereal;
The brightest being that can be,
  Entirely immaterial.

A pencil tipp'd with solar rays
  Your charms could scarcely blazon;
Contrasted with your beauty's blaze
  Bright Sol 's a pewter basin.

Transcendent little sprig of light,
  If rhymes are always true,
An angel is an ugly sprite,
  Compared to Sylph like you.

You frowning tell me, "This indeed
  Is flattery past all bearing,
I ne'er before did hear nor read
  Of any quite so glaring."

Digitized by Google

Yes, this is flattery, sure enough,
  And its exaggeration
May teach you how to hold such stuff
  In utter detestation.

Should beaux your ladyship accost
  With something like this flummery,
Tell them their labor will be lost,
  For this transcends their mummery.

The man whose favor 's worth a thought,
  To flattery can't descend;
The servile sycophant is not
  Your lover nor your friend.

Digitized by Google

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

It may very truly be said
  That his is a noble vocation,
Whose industry leads him to spread
  About him a little Creation.

He lives independent of all
  Except th' Omnipotent Donor:
Has always enough at his call —
  And more is a plague to its owner.

He works with his hands, it is true,
  But happiness dwells with employment,
And he who has nothing to do
  Has nothing by way of enjoyment.

His labors are mere exercise,
  Which saves him from pains and physicians;
Then, Farmers, you truly may prize
  Your own as the best of conditions.

Digitized by Google

From competence, shared with content,
Since all true felicity springs,
The life of a farmer is blent
With more real bliss than a king's.

Digitized by Google

THE CULTIVATOR'S ART.

We 're highly gratified to find,
The public more and more inclined
The Cultivator's art to practise,
And patronize, because the fact is
That righteousness and cultivation
Go hand in hand t' exalt a nation:
And Husbandry 's a hobby which
A world may ride with spur and switch,
If all mankind at once bestrode him
They could not tire nor overload him.
Not only men, who sit astride,
But ladies also on a side-
Saddle so neat, or on a pillion,
That 's big enough to hold a million,
May ride our hobby with a cheer-up,
And he 'll not kick, bite, plunge, nor rear up,
But *vires in eundo crescit*,*
As cousin Virgil somewhere has it

* Virgil says "*acquirit*," which not rhyming we use a substitute;

"For rhyme the rudder is of verses."

Digitized by Google

So fire, which has obtain'd ascendence,
When setting up for independence,
Prepares by heat of radiation
Combustibles for conflagration;—
By burning fast, the mighty master
Acquires fresh means of burning faster,
Till blazing pyramids arise,
Which threaten to consume the skies.

With ken prophetic, we behold
A brighter age than that of gold;
Which, with accelerating pace,
Is hurrying on to bless our race;
And hail its grand approximation,
Mark'd by superior cultivation;
When wise men's heads, and good men's hearts,
Devoted to the art of arts,
And industry's untiring band,
Shall make a garden of our land—
Yea, make New England, all exceeding,
A new edition of old Eden,
If not quite equal, yet before it,
In many a root, and fruit, and floret,
Indebted for its propagation
To modern arts of cultivation.

We're tranced with rapture, when we find
The fairer moiety of mankind,

Digitized by Google

Whose smile makes mortal man's condition
But little short of sheer fruition,
By whose society is given
Earth's purest prototype of Heaven,
Th' angelic part of human nature
Inspire and aid the cultivator.
A plant that 's sunn'd by ladies' eyes
Will like an exhalation rise,
We hope that horticulture may
Be therefore blest with beauty's ray,
Till Flora's germs gem every waste,
And every grove 's a "Bower of Taste."

Adam, in Eden, we believe,
Had been a brute without his Eve;
An arid heath, a blasted common,
Blest with the smiles of lovely woman,
We should prefer to all that 's rare
In paradise, without the fair.
We therefore pray that friendship's hand
From every lady in the land,
May be to us henceforth extended,
From this time till our time is ended;
And would solicit every charmer
To please to patronize the Farmer,
And make those gentlemen, who claim
Her approbation, do the same;

Digitized by Google

And common justice must require her
To grant this boon to an admirer
Like us, so prone to chant her praises,
In verse which absolutely blazes.

His head is very like a stump
Whate'er its craniologic bump,
Who does not see that we the tillers
Of earth compose the nation's pillars,
And may be styled, with strict propriety,
The props of civilized society.
What would have been poor mortals' lot —
Yea, what were man, if we were not?
Nature's poor, simple, houseless child,
The weakest wild beast of the wild,
Must live on browse, his home must be
A cavern or a hollow tree;
Sometimes, in spite of fears and cares,
Be served up raw to wolves and bears.
Or maugre tooth, nail, fist, and truncheon,
Make hungry catamounts a luncheon.

Our art, moreover, claims ascendence
As german to our independence;
Both, commonly, are coexistent,
And each the other's best assistant.

Digitized by Google

We farmers are a sort of stuff,
Tyrants will always find too tough
For them to work up into slaves,
The servile tools of lordly knaves.
Those men who till the stubborn soil,
Enlighten'd, and inured to toil,
Cannot be made to quail or cower
By traitor's art or tyrant's power,
They might as well attempt to chain
The west wind in a hurricane;—
Make rivers run up hill by frightening,
Or steal a march on kindled lightning—
The great sea-serpent, which we've read of,
Take by the tail and snap his head off—
The firmament on cloudy nights,
Illume with artificial lights,
By such an apparatus as
Is used for lighting streets with gas—
Or, having split the north pole till it's
Divided into baker's billets,
Make such a blaze as never shone,
And torrefy the frozen zone—
With clubs assail the polar bear,
And drive the monster from his lair—
Attack the comets as they run
With loads of fuel for the sun,

Digitized by Google

And overset by oppugnation
Those shining colliers of creation —
The Milky Way McAdamize,
A railway raise to span the skies,
Then make, to save Apollo's team,
The Solar Chariot go by steam.
These things shall tyrants do, and more
Than we have specified, before
Our cultivators they subdue,
While grass is green, or sky is blue.

Digitized by Google

AN ODE.

O'ER the wild Atlantic wave,
Lo the fiends of discord rave;
Battle's bray is heard from far,
Battle's bray is heard from far,
To Bellona's blood-stain'd car,
Yoked the madding *steeds of war:* —
But no fiend of battle roars
Round Columbia's happy shores;
Peace and plenty, hand in hand,
Join to bless her happy land.

CHORUS.

Laud we then the *God of Heav'n*,
At whose behest fair peace is giv'n,
The God, who led our fathers o'er
To Columbia's happy shore.

Where th' embattled host of France,
To the kindling war advance,

Digitized by Google

There shall heroes bite the dust,
There shall heroes bite the dust,
Blood shall tinge the rubrick waves
Where the fiend of battle raves.
Sons of honor, "Sons of soul,"
Whom no tyrants can control,
Patriotic myriads join,
Round fair freedom's sacred shrine.

Ever laud the *God of Heav'n*,
At whose behest fair peace is giv'n,
The God, who led our fathers o'er,
To Columbia's happy shore.

Where Britannia's sons unite
To provoke the distant fight,
There shall countless heroes fall,
There shall countless heroes fall,
When the din of battle join'd,
Hurtles in the hollow wind.
Fiends of horror flit around,
Dying heroes strow the ground,
Countless ghosts shall wailing go
To the sullen shades below.

Laud we then the *God of Heav'n*,
At whose behest fair peace is giv'n,
The God who led our fathers o'er,
To Columbia's happy shore.

Digitized by Google

May not *anarch's* hydra form,
Thunder his voice, his breath the storm,
Desolate our happy land,
Desolate our happy land —
Mid fell discord's wild uproar,
May no fiend of anarch roar,
Call the rugged, meddling throng
Of every clime, of every tongue,
To light fair freedom's funeral pyre,
And bid her mid the blaze expire.

May the gracious *God of Heav'n*,
At whose behest fair peace is giv'n,
The God who led our fathers o'er,
Still protect Columbia's shore.

Digitized by Google

THE COURSE OF CULTURE.*

SURVEY the world, through every zone,
From Lima to Japan,
In lineaments of light 't is shown
That CULTURE makes the man.
By manual culture one attains
What industry may claim,
Another's mental toil and pains
Attenuate his frame.

Some plough and plant the teeming soil
Some cultivate the arts;
And some devote a life of toil
To tilling heads and hearts.
Some train the adolescent mind,
While buds of promise blow,
And see each nascent twig inclined
The way the tree should grow.

The first man, and the first of men,
Were tillers of the soil;

* Sung at the Anniversary of the Mass. Hort. Society, Sept. 10, 1830.

Digitized by Google

And that was mercy's mandate then,
  Which destined man to moil.
Indulgence preludes fell attacks
  Of merciless disease,
And sloth extends on fiery racks
  Her listless devotees.

Hail, HORTICULTURE! Heaven-ordained,
  Of every art the source,
Which man has polished, life sustained,
  Since time commenced his course.
Where waves thy wonder-working wand
  What splendid scenes disclose!
The blasted heath, the arid strand,
  Out-bloom the gorgeous rose!

Even in the SERAPH-SEX is thy
  Munificence described;
And Milton says in lady's eye
  Is Heaven identified.
A seedling, sprung from Adam's side,
  A most celestial shoot!
Became of Paradise the pride,
  And bore a world of fruit.

The lily, rose, carnation, blent
  By Flora's magic power,

Digitized by Google

And tulip, feebly represent
  So elegant a flower:
Then surely, bachelors, ye ought
  In season to transfer
Some sprig of this sweet "TOUCH-ME-NOT,"
  To grace your own parterre;

And every gardener should be proud,
  With tenderness and skill,
If haply he may be allowed
  This precious plant to till.
All that man has, had, hopes, can have,
  Past, promised, or possessed,
Are fruits which CULTURE gives or gave
  At INDUSTRY's behest.

Digitized by Google

A SONG.

SUNG AT AN AGRICULTURAL DINNER, AT CONCORD, MASS.

SINCE time in the primer first sharpen'd his scythe,
And the sands in his glass were beginning to flow,
There never was spectacle bonny and blithe,
Which came fairly up to our GRAND CATTLE SHOW.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Here 's bulls, hogs, and horses, and sheep not a few,
Respectable animals, worthy a prize,
Like good go-to-meeting folks, each in his *pew*,
All sober as deacons — if not quite so wise.

Master Pig is the Chorister, just twist his tail,
And he 'll give you altissimo trills in high style,
The fine diatonics which run through the scale
Of his exquisite gamut will ring for a mile.

Our roots have run down to gravity's centre,
Some went on to China, and thieves pulled them through —

Digitized by Google

But that 's a tough story, and I should n't venture,
In a high court of Justice to swear it is true.

And here we have oxen, stout animals, which
Might well go to Congress, representing their race,
Round gravity's centre just give them a hitch,
And I guess they would twitch the great globe out of place.

The match of our *Ploughmen* was ne'er matched before,
Save when a lorn lover is matched to his fair;
They turned the earth over as flat as this floor,
Such chaps the great globe, like an apple can pare.

In troth, all the world 's nothing more than a show
Of animals, shut up, or running at large,
You meet with queer creatures wherever you go,
And pity their keepers, who have them in charge.

A *calf* sent to college comes out a great *bore*,
An odd metamorphosis that, it is true,
But one which has taken place over and o'er; —
Now I do not mean you, sir, nor you, sir, nor you.

Digitized by Google

I hate personalities, therefore won't say,
How a jackass conducts when made just ass of Peace,
Such animals now and then come in my way,
But I never shear hogs for the sake of their fleece.

A vile pettifogger, all quibble and jaw,
Is ninetynine thousand times worse than a brute,
In a sunbeam he 'll pick an indictable flaw,
And against his own shadow show cause for a suit.

Here 's health to our orator,* one who can boast
That he practises well what he preaches about;
But gentlemen please not to *butter* my *toast*,
For we like him so well we can take him without.

Here 's "MIDDLESEX HUSBANDMEN," doing more good.
Than all the political clubs ever known,
Unless a man's head is the essence of wood,
He ranks them above any king on his throne.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

* Hon. Elias Phinney.

Digitized by Google

THE EVILS OF A MISCHIEVOUS TONGUE.

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.—Eccl. Apoc. xxviii. 8.

Tho' millions, the sword of the warrior has slaughter'd,
While fame has the homicide's eulogy rung:
Yet many more millions on millions are martyr'd;
Cut off by that cowardly weapon, the tongue.

One sword may be match'd by another as keen,
In battle the bold man a bolder may meet,
But the shaft of the slanderer, flying unseen
From the quiver of malice, brings ruin complete.

An *insolent tongue*, by a taunt or a gibe,
Enkindles heart-burnings and bloody affrays;
A *treacherous tongue*, when impell'd by a bribe,
The guiltless condemns, or a nation betrays.

A *smooth subtle tongue* vile seducers employ
The fair sex to lure to libidinous thrall;

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A *slip of the tongue* may its owner destroy,
And *the tongue of the serpent* occasion'd the fall.

Then be it impress'd on Columbian youth,
That the tongue is an engine of terrible force;
Not govern'd by reason, not guided by truth,
A plague, which may desolate worlds in its course.

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CHEERFULNESS.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

WITH mirth let us cherish our hearts,
'T is a precept by Solomon given,
And cheerfulness surely imparts
The temper best fitted for heaven.

Among all the numberless ways
By which folly contrives to be wrong,
There is none which more weakness displays
Than wearing a visage too long.

Th' Omnipotent Donor designs
That the gifts of His grace be enjoy'd;
Hence, he that forever repines,
Had better be better employ'd.

When first was created our race,
This earth for man's mansion was given,
And shall he find fault with the place
To which he 's allotted by heav'n?

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'T is a thing, I believe, understood,
In which every sect is agreed,
This earth was declared to be good,
And so in the Bible we read.

Under Providence, tenants at will,
A fine habitation we hold;
For us to be murmuring still
Is wicked, ungrateful and bold.

Yet well-meaning people I've seen,
Who think true religion is shown
By a sort of a wo-begone mein,
And a whining, conventicle tone.

'T is true, there 's a season to mourn,
As Solomon says — ne'ertheless
Our grief should be manfully borne,
And 't is folly to cherish distress.

A train of diseases await
On a heart that forever is sad,
And some, from a sorrowing state,
Become irretrievably mad.

That religion can never be true
Which bows its disciples to earth,
For he that has heav'n in view,
Has the best of all titles to mirth.

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With mirth then we 'll cherish our hearts,
'T is a mandate by Solomon given,
For cheerfulness surely imparts
The temper best fitted for heaven.

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EULOGY ON THE TIMES.

LET poets scrawl satiric rhymes,
And sketch the follies of the times,
With much caricaturing;
But I, a *bon-ton-bard*, declare
A set of slanderers they are,
E'en past a Job's enduring.

Let crabbed cynics snarl away,
And pious parsons preach and pray
Against the vices reigning;
That mankind are so wicked grown,
Morality is scarcely known,
And true religion waning.

Societies, who vice suppress,
May make a rumpus; ne'ertheless,
Our's is the best of ages;
Such hum-drum folks our *fathers* were,
They could no more with *us* compare,
Than *Hottentots* with *sages*.

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It puts the poet in a pet
To think of THEM, *a vulgar set;*
  But WE, thank G—d, are QUALITY!
For we have found this eighteenth century
What ne'er was known before, I'll venture ye,
  Religion's no reality!

Tom Paine, and Godwin, both can tell
That there is no such thing as hell!
  A doctrine mighty pleasant;
Your old-wives tales of a *hereafter*
Are things for ridicule and laughter,
  While we enjoy the *present.*

We've nought to do, but frisk about,
At midnight ball, and Sunday rout,
  And Bacchanalian revel;
To gamble, drink, and live at ease,
Our great and noble selves to please,
  Nor care for man, nor devil.

In these *good times*, with little pains,
And scarce a penny-worth of brains,
  A man with great propriety,
With some small risk of being hung,
May cut a pretty dash among
  The foremost in society.

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Good reader, I 'll suppose, for once,
Thou art no better than a dunce,
  But wishest to be famous;
I 'll tell thee how, with decent luck,
Thou may'st become as great a buck
  As any one could name us.

When first in high life you commence,
To virtue, reason, common sense,
  You 'll please to bid adieu, sir;
And, lest some brother rake be higher,
Drink, till your blood be all on fire,
  And face of crimson hue, sir.

Thus you 'll be dubb'd a *dashing blade*,
And, by the genteel world be said,
  To be a *man of spirit*;
For *stylish folks* despise the chaps,
Who think that they may rise, perhaps,
  By industry and merit.

With lubric arts, and wily tongue,
Debauch some maiden, fair and young,
  For that will be genteel;
Be not too scrupulous; win the fair;
Then leave the frail one to despair:
  A rake should never feel.

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When wine has made your courage stout,
In midnight revel sally out,
Insulting all you meet;
Play pretty pranks about the town,
Break windows, knock the watchmen down,
Your frolic to complete!

Besides exhibiting your parts,
You 're sure to win the ladies' hearts
By dint of dissipation;
Since "every woman is a rake,"
A fool may know what steps to take
To gain her approbation.

By practising these famous rules,
You 'll gain from *wicked* men and *fools*
A world of admiration:
And, as we know from good authority,
Such folks compose a clear majority,
There needs no hesitation.

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THE ART OF PRINTING.

Blest be the memory of the Sage,
Who taught the typographic page
To teem with symbols, heav'n-design'd,
The mute interpreters of mind.

The world at length had learn'd to prize
The art of speaking to the eyes,
Which had, by modes which Cadmus taught,
Giv'n immortality to thought; —

When Faustus, by celestial skill,
Found means to multiply at will,
Those silent heralds of the kind,
Which give ubiquity to mind, —

Explored that Art, which brings to view,
All that we know — our father's knew, —
And which developes every hour
That knowledge, which results in power, —

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That Art, which gives to man's control
Celestial treasures of the soul,
Transcending, many thousand fold,
Golconda's gems, and Ophir's gold.

What but the Printer's Art sublime,
Can register the deeds of time,
Recording all that 's said and done
Most worthy note beneath the sun?

The poet, patriot, saint and sage
Have habitations on his page,
Are never absent when you call,
Alike accessible to all.

He introduces man to man,
Of every nation, tribe or clan,
The humble to the high — MOST HIGH,
In palaces above the sky.

Then bless the memory of the sage,
Who taught the typographic page
To teem with symbols, heav'n-design'd,
The silent heralds of the mind.

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THE OLD BACHELOR:

AN EPISTLE TO A LADY.

WHAT singular mortal is that,
  Who sits in yon cottage alone,
Excepting an old tabby cat,
  Which gray with her master is grown?

Say, would you his origin know,
  Or if the odd mortal came here
From regions above, or below?
  The truth I will tell you, my dear.

Dame Nature, a fanciful jade,
  As ancient philosophers say,
When all other creatures were made,
  Had left a small portion of clay.

The matter, indeed, was so crude
  She meant to have thrown it aside,
At length in a frolicsome mood,
  To make something of it she tried.

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Her goody-ship, worried about,
  Was forc'd her old vessels to scrape,
For matter to finish the lout
  To a biped, which had human shape.

She moulded the comical stuff,
  'Till all in one mass was combined;
His body, though quite odd enough,
  Was *perfect*, compared with his mind.

To a hard unsusceptible heart,
  She added a thick leaden skull,
And threw in of pride such a part,
  As well might suffice a mogul:

But did not implant in his breast
  A taste for those pleasures refined,
Which give to enjoyment its zest,
  And soften the cares of the mind.

Of wisdom she threw in a spice,
  But omitted to add common sense;
Dutch prudence a very large slice,
  To teach him the saving of pence.

She gave him good honesty's phiz;
  No mummy was ever more grave,

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Although, my dear madam, the quiz,
  To his wit's full extent is a knave.

All this she perform'd in a jerk,
  And being well pleased with him, so far,
She set herself gravely to work,
  And forced him to swallow a crow-bar.

No wonder then, this queer machine,
  Which so rude, and so awkwardly made is,
By nobody ever was seen
  *To bow to the fairest of ladies.**

At length he was usher'd to light,
  A half-alive kind of commodity,
A thing, which you 'd say, at first sight,
  Was quite the quintessence of oddity.

She planted him down in yon hut,
  To *vegetate* there with impunity,
Till death shall prohibit the *Put*
  Any more from disgusting community.

* The lady, to whom these lines were addressed, had been offended at the insolence of the character who sat as the *original* for our picture.

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CALORIC.

Earth, sea and air abound in rare
  Minute caloric particles,
Invisible indeed, but still
  Most energetic articles.

Almighty power each atom gave
  Existence at creation;
Each would Omnipotence require
  For its annihilation.

It now lies in a latent state,
  Anon in ardent action;
And He alone, who can create
  Can bring to naught a fraction.

Chief agent in all acts of power
  Its atoms seem divinities;
Tempests, volcanoes, earthquakes are
  Mere plays of their affinities.

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'T is their's to drive the lightning's car,
To speed the shaft of thunder,
Give earth an atmosphere of fire,
And rend the globe asunder!

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THE ILLS OF IDLENESS.

What pains and penalties attend
The wight whose being 's aim and end
  Is wholly self-enjoyment!
His easy chair becomes a rack,
And all Pandora's plagues attack
  The wretch who wants employment.

To shun the exquisite distress
Which ever waits on idleness,
  He flies to dissipation;
Drinks *deep* to keep his spirits *up*,
And in the inebriating cup
  Drowns health and reputation.

And now in Fashion's vortex whirl'd,
A dandy of the genteel world,
  He figures in the ton,
The wise man laughs, the simple stare
To see the consequential air
  The silly rake puts on.

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Now drives his curricle about
To club, assembly, ball and rout,
  To waste his time and treasure;
Gives sensual appetite the reins,
And takes illimitable *pains*
  To *seem* a man of *pleasure*.

The course of life such fools pursue
Would worry down the wand'ring Jew,—
  Worse off than galley-slaves!
And ten to one, about the time
The man of virtue 's in his prime,
  Such sots are in their graves.

But if their days are lengthen'd out,
By dint of constitution stout,
  In apathy and pain;
A ruby and carbuncled face
Displays the signal of disgrace
  Like mark, erst set on Cain.

Now dire paralysis and gout
Parade their forces round about
  The citadel of life;
In vain the doctor tries his skill;
His obstinate opponents still
  Are victors in the strife.

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Disease, remorse, with joint attack,
Now put at once upon the rack
  Their bodies and their souls;
Victims of vice, they suffer more
Than Montezuma did of yore
  When stretch'd on burning coals.

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